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THE
BOYDELL GALLERY.

A COLLECTION OF ENGRAVINGS ILLUSTRATING

THE DRAMATIC WORKS OF

SHAKESPEARE,

BY THE ARTISTS OF GREAT BRITAIN



REPRODUCED FROM THE ORIGINALS IN PERMANENT WOODBURYTYPE

BY VINCENT BROOKS, DAY, AND SON.

LONDON:

BICKERS AND SON, LEICESTER SQUARE.

1874.

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THE BOYDELL GALLERY.

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OF THE ORIGINAL WORK.

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PREFACE TO THE ORIGINAL EDITION.

IT has unfortunately fallen to my lot, by the death of my late much-lamented uncle, Mr. Alderman Boydell, to give the subscribers to the Shakspeare some account of the rise and progress of that work; a work, which, for its magnitude and expense, is certainly unparalleled in any age or country; and bears much more the appearance of a national undertaking, executed at the public expense, than the enterprise of the branches of one private family.

I cannot, perhaps, give this account more truly, or with more propriety, than in the words of those who were principally concerned with me. The whole undertaking originated in a conversation, that took place at my house, in the end of the year 1787, as appears by a paper, written and printed by Mr. Nicol, giving some account of what he had done for the improvement of printing in this country.

“It is perhaps proper to explain to the public, why I have stepped out of the line of my profession, to attempt improvements in type-founding, ink-making, and printing.—The following lines will explain that matter, as well as give a short sketch of the origin of the Shakspeare undertaking, so far as it depends upon me.

“When I first proposed to Messrs. Boydell to publish a national edition of Shakspeare, ornamented with designs by the first artists of this country, it must be confessed, I did not flatter myself with seeing it carried into immediate execution. The idolatry with which I have ever regarded the works of that inspired Poet has often prompted me to make similar propositions. Perhaps so frequently, that my more intimate friends have much to complain of, on the score of reiteration.

“At so early a period of my life as the Jubilee at Stratford, the proposal was made to Mr. Garrick, that great histrionic commentator on our author. Why it was then neglected is not now easy to say: I attribute it more to the youth and inexperience of the proposer, than to any want of propriety in the plan:—The event has indeed shewn the proposal was neither improper nor impracticable.

“The conversation that led to the present undertaking was entirely accidental; it happened at the table of Mr. Josiah Boydell, at West End, Hampstead, in November, 1787: the company consisted of Mr. West, Mr. Romney, and Mr. P. Sandby; Mr. Hayley, Mr. Hoole, Mr. Braithwaite, Alderman Boydell, and our Host. In such a company it is needless to say, that every proposal to celebrate genius, or cultivate the fine arts, would be favourably received.

“At the moment of the proposition, I had no idea of having any concern in the execution

of the work,—and only offered to contribute my mite to so great and so expensive an undertaking. It was very soon however foreseen, that having involved my friends in so arduous a task, it was incumbent on me to lend every assistance in my power to the completion of it. The typographical part alone was the department wherein I could be of any use : of the mechanical part of printing indeed I knew but little;* but from the general line of my profession, and my particular admiration of fine printing, I was acquainted with all the beauties and all the defects of the most eminent artists, from John Fust of Mentz, to John Baskerville of Birmingham.

“ The declining state of printing in London had been long very generally lamented, particularly when contrasted with the rapid progress of improvement it had lately made in foreign countries. The first attempt I made to remedy this evil was in the summer of 1784, when I was honoured with his Majesty’s command, to procure the second edition of Captain Cook’s last Voyage to be better printed than the first; the publication of which work I had undertaken, under the direction of that great promoter of every useful art in this country, Sir Joseph Banks.”

The rest of the paper relates entirely to Mr. Nicol’s progress in the improvement of printing, and is therefore irrelative to the present subject.

Early in the year 1789 the undertaking was so far advanced, that a great number of the pictures were painted; and a gallery built on the site of Mr. Dodsley’s house in Pall-mall, to receive them. Previous to the exhibition of these pictures, the Alderman published a descriptive catalogue of them, with appropriate quotations from Shakspeare, so as to enable the public to judge how well the painter had pourtrayed the characters of the poet. To that catalogue the following preface was added, giving the subscribers some idea of the progress of the work.

“ I cannot permit this catalogue to appear before the public, without returning my sincere thanks to the numerous Subscribers to this undertaking, who, with a liberality, and a confidence unparalleled on any former occasion, have laid me under the most flattering obligations. I hope, upon inspection of what has been done, and is now doing, the Subscribers will be satisfied with the exertions that have been made, and will think that their confidence has not been misplaced; especially when they consider the difficulties that a great undertaking, like the present, has to encounter, in a country where Historical Painting is still but in its infancy. To advance that art towards maturity, and establish an *English School of Historical Painting*, was the great object of the present design.

“ In the course of many years’ endeavours, I flatter myself I have somewhat contributed to the establishment of an *English School of Engraving*. These exertions have not been unnoticed at home—But in foreign countries they have been estimated, perhaps, above their value.—When I began the business of publishing and selling Prints, all the fine Engravings sold in England were imported from foreign countries, particularly from France.—Happily, the reverse is now the case : for few are imported, and many are exported, to a great annual amount. I mention this circumstance, because there are of those, who, not putting much value on the advancement of National Taste, still feel the advantage of promoting the Arts, in a commercial point of view.

“ I flatter myself that the present undertaking, in that, and many other points of view, will essentially serve this country. The more objects of attraction and amusement held out to Foreigners, that may induce them to visit this Metropolis, the more are our manufactures promoted; for every one, on his return, carries with him some specimen of them : and I believe it will be readily granted, that the manufactures of this country need only be seen and compared,

* Mr. Bulmer has so perfectly supplied this defect, in the execution of the typographical part of the Shakspeare, that he has left nothing to desire: in so much, that it may be truly said, that no Printing Press, which has hitherto existed, ever produced a work *in nine large volumes in folio* so uniformly beautiful.

to be preferred to those of any other.—The great number of Foreigners who have of late visited this country, may in some degree be attributed to the very flourishing state of our commerce; and accounts for that great demand for English manufactures, which at present so universally prevails all over the Continent.—At least I can with certainty say, I feel the effect of this circumstance in my own branch of business.*

“That the love of the fine Arts is more prevalent abroad than in this country cannot be denied; but I still hope to see them attain (advanced in years as I am) such a state of perfection in England, that no man in Europe will be entitled to the name of a Connoisseur, who has not personally witnessed their rapid progress—And that their progress has been wonderfully rapid in this country, within these twenty years, the whole world will readily allow.—This progress we principally owe to his present Majesty; who, sensible of their importance in every point of view, has cultivated the fine Arts with a success that the annals of no other country, in the same space of time, can produce. The enterprise and liberality of several individuals also have not been wanting to contribute to so great an end.—For my own part, I can with truth say, that the Arts have always had my best endeavours for their success; and my countrymen will I hope give me credit, when I assure them, that where I failed, I failed more from want of power, than from want of zeal.

“In this progress of the fine Arts, though foreigners have allowed our lately acquired superiority of Engraving, and readily admitted the great talents of the principal Painters, yet they have said, with some severity, and, I am sorry to say, with some truth, that the abilities of our best Artists are chiefly employed in painting Portraits of those who, in less than half a century, will be lost in oblivion—While the noblest part of the Art—HISTORICAL PAINTING—is much neglected. To obviate this national reflection was, as I have already hinted, the principal cause of the present undertaking—An undertaking, that originated in a private company, where Painting was the subject of conversation.—But as some short account of the rise and progress of the whole work may at a future time be given to the Subscribers, it is not now necessary to say, who first promulgated the plan—who has promoted it—or who has endeavoured to impede its success.—Suffice it to say, at present, that the Artists, in general, have, with an ardour that does them credit, contributed their best endeavours to carry into execution an undertaking, where the national honour, the advancement of the Arts, and their own advantage, are equally concerned.

“Though I believe it will be readily admitted, that no subjects seem so proper to form an English School of Historical Painting, as the scenes of the immortal Shakspeare; yet it must be always remembered, that he possessed powers which no pencil can reach; for such was the force of his creative imagination, that though he frequently goes beyond nature, he still continues to be natural, and seems only to do that which nature would have done, had she o’erstepped her usual limits—It must not, then, be expected, that the art of the Painter can ever equal the sublimity of our Poet. The strength of Michael Angelo, united to the grace of Raphael, would here have laboured in vain——For what pencil can give to his airy beings ‘a local habitation, and a name?’

“It is therefore hoped, that the spectator will view these Pictures with this regard, and not allow his imagination, warmed by the magic powers of the Poet, to expect from Painting what Painting cannot perform.

“It is not however meant to deprecate Criticism—Candid Criticism is the soul of improvement, and those Artists who shut their ears against it, must never expect to improve. At the same time, every Artist ought to despise and condemn the cavils of Pseudo-critics, who, rather than not attempt to shew their wit, would crush all merit in its bud.—The discerning part of the Public,

* That Gothic revolution which broke out about this time, and still convulses the whole Continent, soon made an end of those happy days.

however, place all these attempts to the true account—malignity.—But, as the world was never entirely free from such critics, the present undertaking must expect to have its share.

“Upon the merits of the Pictures themselves, it is not for me to speak ; I believe there never was a perfect Picture, in all the three great requisites of Composition, Colouring, and Design—It must not therefore be expected that such a phænomenon will be found here.—This much, however, I will venture to say, that in every Picture in the Gallery there is something to be praised, and I hope sufficient marks of merit, to justify the lovers of their country in holding out the fostering hand of Encouragement to native Genius.—I flatter myself, on the present occasion, that the established Masters will support and increase their former reputation, and that the younger Artists will daily improve, under the benign influence of the public patronage.—They all know that their future fame depends on their present exertions : for here the Painter’s labours will be perpetually under the public eye, and compared with those of his cotemporaries—while his other works, either locked up in the cabinets of the curious, or dispersed over the country, in the houses of the different possessors, can comparatively contribute but little to his present fortune or future fame.

“I must again express my hopes, that the Subscribers will be satisfied with the progress made in this arduous undertaking, for it is to be considered, that works of genius cannot be hurried on, like the operations of a manufactory, and that Engraving, in particular, is a work of very slow and laborious progress—I confess, I am anxious on this subject, for I could wish the Subscribers to be convinced (of what indeed is the fact) that not a moment of time has been lost.

“It happens indeed unavoidable in this undertaking, that the Artists employed on the 2d, 3d, 4th, 5th, and subsequent Numbers, are as far advanced as those employed on the first. And it is difficult to retard the one, or accelerate the other—This much, however, the Subscribers may rely on—that every exertion will be made, consistent with that excellence which is aimed at, to publish the first Number with all possible speed ;—after that, the work will go on uninterruptedly.

“I cannot conclude this Address, without mentioning the very great assistance the work receives from the unwearied exertions of my nephew and partner, Mr. Josiah Boydell, whose knowledge in the elementary part of Painting enables him to be of singular service in conducting this undertaking—Indeed his love and enthusiasm for the fine Arts peculiarly qualify him for the conduct of works of this nature ; and without that love and enthusiasm for the Arts, such an undertaking can never be carried on with becoming spirit. His numerous avocations in the management of the various branches of our business, particularly in making drawings from the pictures, for the most capital engravings in our Collection—have not allowed him much time to pursue the practical part of Painting—nevertheless, willing to contribute his mite to this great work—(in the management of which he has so considerable a share) he has made an attempt in this line of the Art. Under these circumstances, I hope the Public will have the candour to receive his performances.

“The Typographical part of the Work, (of which a specimen may now be seen) is under the direction of Mr. Nicol, his Majesty’s Bookseller, whose zeal for the improvement of Printing in this country is well known—The Types, &c. are made in his own house—and I flatter myself, that, with the assistance he has, in the various branches, upon which the Beauty of Printing depends, he will be able to contribute something towards restoring the reputation of this country in that most useful Art.—At present, indeed, to our disgrace be it spoken, we are far behind every neighbouring nation, many of whom have lately brought the Art of Printing to great perfection.—In his present endeavour, he has had the assistance and advice of some gentlemen, who, were I at liberty to mention their names, would do him honour, and the undertaking credit.

“The Public are so well acquainted with the merits of Mr. Steevens, in elucidating the text of our Author, that it would be impertinent in me to say a syllable on this part of the

subject.—I cannot, however, omit mentioning the readiness he has always shewn, to contribute his labours to this National Edition of the Works of Shakspeare.

JOHN BOYDELL."

"*Shakspeare Gallery, May 1, 1789.*"

Since that period the work has been progressively going on, as well as the tempestuous times, that have shaken all Europe to its centre, would permit; and it has at least shewn, that, in more favourable times, English genius may arise to excellence, in historical painting, as well as in the other branches of the fine arts, upon proper encouragement being held forth. That liberal encouragement has not been wanting in the present undertaking the subscribers will readily conceive, when they are informed that there are some single prints in this numerous collection which cost upwards of 1,500 guineas.

The effect these unfavourable times had upon our undertakings, the late Alderman has so truly and so feelingly described, in his letter to Sir John William Anderson, on his application to Parliament, that I think it proper to insert it here.

"*To Sir JOHN WILLIAM ANDERSON, Bart. Alderman, and one of the Representatives of the City of London.*

"*Chesham, Feb. 4, 1804.*

"DEAR SIR,

"THE kindness with which you have undertaken to represent my Case, calls upon me to lay open to you, with the utmost candour, the circumstances attending it, which I will now endeavour to do as briefly as possible.

"It is above sixty years since I began to study the Art of Engraving, in the course of which time, besides employing that long period of life in my profession, with an industry and assiduity that would be improper in me to describe, I have laid out with my brethren, in promoting the commerce of the fine Arts in this country, above *three hundred and fifty thousand pounds*.

"When I first began business, the whole commerce of prints in this country consisted in importing foreign prints, principally from France, to supply the cabinets of the curious in this kingdom. Impressed with the idea that the genius of our own Countrymen, if properly encouraged, was equal to that of Foreigners, I set about establishing a *School of Engraving in England*; with what success the Public are well acquainted. It is, perhaps, at present, sufficient to say, that the whole course of that commerce is changed; very few prints being now imported into this country, while the foreign market is principally supplied with prints from England.

"In effecting this favourite plan, I have not only spent a long life, but have employed near forty years of the labour of my nephew, Josiah Boydell, who has been bred to the business, and whose assistance, during that period, has been greatly instrumental in promoting a School of Engraving in this country. By the blessing of Providence, these exertions have been very successful; not only in that respect, but in a commercial point of view; for the large sums I regularly received from the Continent, previous to the French Revolution, for impressions taken from the numerous plates engraved in England, encouraged me to attempt also an *English School of Historical Painting*.

"I had observed, with indignation, that the want of such a School had been long made a favourite topic of opprobrium against this country, among foreign writers on National Taste. No subject, therefore, could be more appropriate for such a national attempt, than England's inspired Poet, and great Painter of Nature, Shakspeare; and I flatter myself the most prejudiced foreigner must allow, that the Shakspeare Gallery will convince the world, that Englishmen want nothing but the fostering hand of encouragement, to bring forth their

genius in this line of art. I might go further, and defy any of the Italian, Flemish, or French Schools, to show, in so short a space of time, such an exertion as the Shakspeare Gallery; and if they could have made such an exertion in so short a period, the pictures would have been marked with all that monotonous sameness which distinguishes those different Schools. Whereas, in the Shakspeare Gallery, every Artist, partaking of the freedom of his country, and endowed with that originality of thinking, so peculiar to its natives, has chosen his own road, to what he conceived to be excellence, unshackled by the slavish imitation and uniformity that pervade all the foreign schools.

“This Gallery I once flattered myself with being able to have left to that generous Public, who have for so long a period encouraged my undertakings; but unfortunately for all those connected with the fine Arts, a Vandalick Revolution has arisen, which, in convulsing all Europe, has entirely extinguished, except in this happy Island, all those who had the taste or the power to promote the fine Arts; while the Tyrant, that at present governs France, tells that believing and besotted nation, that, in the midst of all his robbery and rapine, he is a great patron and promoter of the fine Arts; just as if those arts, that humanise and polish mankind, could be promoted by such means, and by such a man.

“You will excuse, I am sure, my dear Sir, some warmth in an old man on this subject, when I inform you, that this unhappy Revolution has cut up by the roots that revenue from the Continent, which enabled me to undertake such considerable works in this country. At the same time, as I am laying my case fairly before you, it should not be disguised, that my natural enthusiasm for promoting the fine Arts, (perhaps buoyed up by success,) made me improvident. For had I laid by but ten pounds, out of every hundred pounds my Plates produced, I should not now have had occasion to trouble my Friends, or appeal to the Public; but on the contrary, I flew with impatience to employ some new Artist, with the *whole* gains of my former undertakings. I see too late my error; for I have thereby decreased my ready money, and increased my stock of copper-plates to such a size, that all the print-sellers in Europe could not purchase it, especially at these times, so unfavourable to the Arts.

“Having thus candidly owned my error, I have but one word to say in extenuation:—my receipts from abroad had been so large, and continued so regular, that I at all times found them fully adequate to support my undertakings at home.—I could not calculate on the present crisis, which has totally annihilated them—I certainly calculated on some defalcation of these receipts, by a French or Spanish war, or both; but with France or Spain I carried on but little commerce—Flanders, Holland, and Germany, (and these countries, no doubt, supplied the rest of Europe,) were the great Marts; but alas! they are now no more. The convulsion that has disjointed and ruined the whole Continent I did not foresee—I know no man that did. On that head, therefore, though it has nearly ruined me and mine, I can take but little blame to myself.

“In this state of things, I throw myself with confidence upon that Public, who have always been but too partial to my poor endeavours, for the disposal of that, which, in happier days, I flattered myself to have presented to them.

“I know of no means by which that can be effected, just now, but by a Lottery; and if the Legislature will have the goodness to grant a permission for that purpose, they will at least have the assurance of the even tenour of a long life, that it will be fairly and honourably conducted. The objects of it are my Pictures, Galleries, Drawings, &c. &c. which, unconnected with my Copper-plates and Trade, are much more than sufficient to pay, if properly disposed of, all I owe in the world.

“I hope you, my dear Sir, and every honest man, at any age, will feel for my anxiety to discharge my debts; but at my advanced age of *eighty-five*, I feel it becomes doubly desirable.

“I am, DEAR SIR, with great regard, your obedient and obliged Servant,

JOHN BOYDELL.”

One hint in this letter so peculiarly regards the Subscribers to the Shakspeare, that some explanation seems necessary. It certainly was the Alderman's intention, as well as my own, to have presented the Shakspeare Gallery to the public, for the improvement of young artists in historical painting : the whole to have been immediately under the patronage of the Subscribers to the Shakspeare. But the imperious circumstances of the times, as he has truly stated, rendered his liberal and patriotic purpose abortive. I shall conclude this preface with an extract from our last advertisement, which finishes this great undertaking.

" March 7th, 1805.

" Messrs. Boydell and Nicol beg leave to inform the Subscribers to the Shakspeare, that the Medal which they mean to have the honour of presenting to them, is now finished at the Mint of that ingenious and valuable member of society Mr. Boulton of Birmingham. It has been somewhat delayed by his great public undertakings in this line ; but they flatter themselves that its beauty will make amends for the delay.

" They intend that the name of each Subscriber to the Shakspeare shall be engraven on the Medal presented ; and that this may be done with accuracy, they entreat the favour of every Subscriber to sign his name, with his own hand, on sheets of vellum, which will be presented to him for that purpose. Or this may be done at No. 90, Cheapside, or No. 58, Pall-Mall, where the Medal may be seen.

" And now this great National Work is concluded, they cannot take leave of their Subscribers without returning them their most grateful thanks, for their long-continued and generous support,—they once thought of doing more—as it is, they must content themselves with knowing, that they have put it in the power of every Subscriber to possess, in his own Library, a Monument to the Memory of the immortal Shakspeare, which has cost them considerably above ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND POUNDS. The encouragers of this great national undertaking will also have the satisfaction to know, that their names will be handed down to Posterity, as the Patrons of Native Genius, enrolled with their own hands, in the same book, with the best of Sovereigns—the Father of his People—the Encourager of all good Works. They flatter themselves, that, some hundred years hence, the Autographs of all the first Men of Taste, who lived in England at the end of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth century, with their SOVEREIGN at their head, will be deemed no small curiosity, especially when this circumstance is celebrated by a Medal, struck for that especial purpose."

JOSIAH BOYDELL.

March 25th, 1805.







PLATE I.

THE ALTO-RILIEVO

IN FRONT OF THE GALLERY, PALL MALL.



IN this specimen of the sculptor's art Shakespeare is seen sitting upon a rock, with "Painting and her sister Poesy" standing one on each side of him. The latter, on his right, is in the act of presenting him with a laurel wreath, that signal token of poetic eminence, while she is at the same time ready with her lyre to call forth the aid of Music to increase the harmony of their ovations. Her head is adorned with a double mask, emblematic of Tragedy and Comedy, in order to show that she had inspired that unequalled dramatic poet and inimitable delineator of human nature with mental powers, both tragic and comic, in such exact proportion as to render it hard to say in which of them he was most pre-eminent. On his left, Painting, with palette in hand, is pointing him out as a genius who deserved to be glorified, also, by the inherent qualities with which she herself was specially gifted. (And nobly has this suggestion of hers been carried out by the generous enterprise of his enthusiastic admirers—the original publishers of the Shakespeare Gallery!) The head of the poet himself is turned towards Poetry with a look of pleasurable satisfaction, while his hand is placed approvingly on the shoulder of the Genius of Painting.

Sculptured by Thomas Banks, R.A. Engraved by Benjamin Smith.









PLATE II.

THE INFANT SHAKESPEARE ATTENDED
BY NATURE AND THE
PASSIONS.

Painted by George Romney. Engraved by Benjamin Smith.



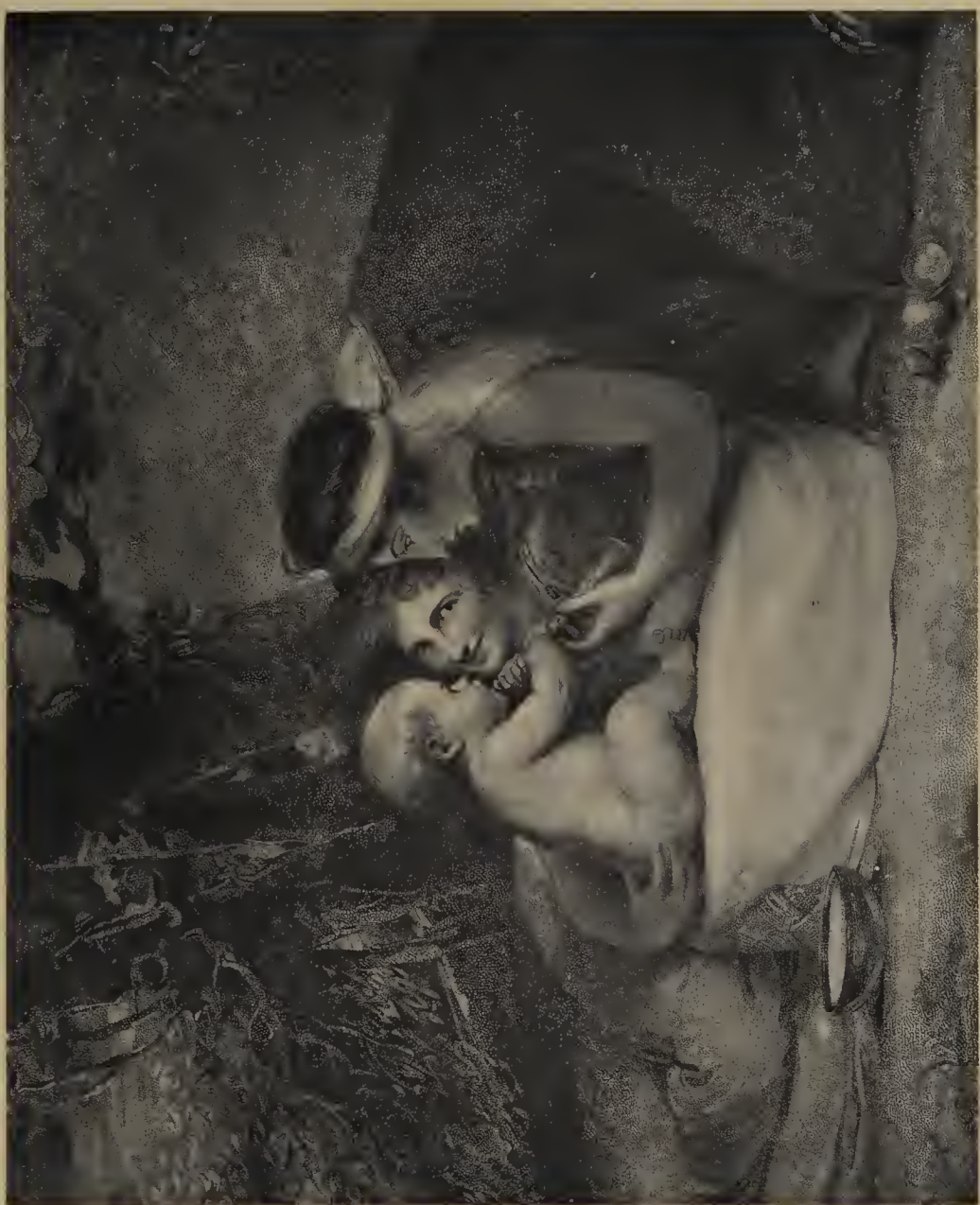




PLATE III.

SHAKESPEARE NURSED BY TRAGEDY
AND COMEDY.

“ Soule of the Age!
The applause! delight! the wonder of our Stage!”

Painted by George Romney. Engraved by Benjamin Smith.







PLATE IV.

THE TEMPEST.

ACT I. SCENE 2.

THE ENCHANTED ISLAND: BEFORE THE CELL OF PROSPERO.

PROSPERO AND MIRANDA. ENTER ARIEL.

Ariel.



NOT a soul
But felt a fever of the mad, and play'd
Some tricks of desperation: All, but mariners,
Plung'd in the foaming brine, and quit the vessel,
Then all a-fire, with me: the king's son, Ferdinand,
With hair up-staring (then like reeds, not hair,)
Was the first man that leap'd; cried, "Hell is empty,
And all the devils are here."

Painted by George Romney. Engraved by Benjamin Smith.





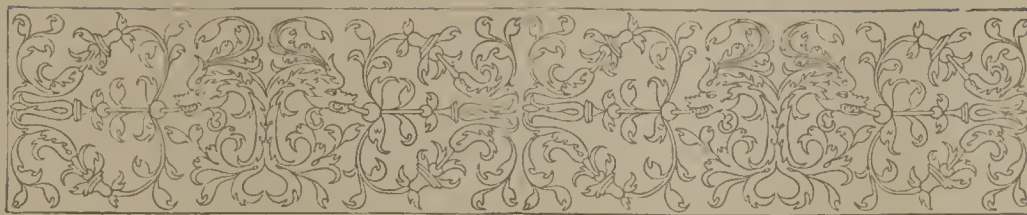


PLATE V.

THE TEMPEST.

ACT I. SCENE 2.

THE ENCHANTED ISLAND: BEFORE THE CELL OF PROSPERO.

PROSPERO, MIRANDA, AND ARIEL. ENTER CALIBAN.

Prospero.



OR this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have cramps,
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up ; urchins
Shall, for that vast of night that they may work,
All exercise on thee : thou shalt be pinch'd
As thick as honeycomb, each pinch more stinging
Than bees that made them.

Painted by Henry Fuseli, R.A. Engraved by John Peter Simon.







PLATE VI.


THE TEMPEST.

ACT IV. SCENE 1.

PROSPERO'S CELL.

PROSPERO, FERDINAND, MIRANDA; A MASK EXHIBITING, IRIS, CERES, JUNO, NYMPHS;
CALIBAN, TRINCULO, AND STEPHANO, AT A DISTANCE.

Prospero.

OU do look, my son, in a mov'd sort
As if you were dismay'd : be cheerful, sir :
Our revels now are ended : these our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air :
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind : We are such stuff
As dreams are made of, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.

Painted by Joseph Wright of Derby. Engraved by Robert Thew.





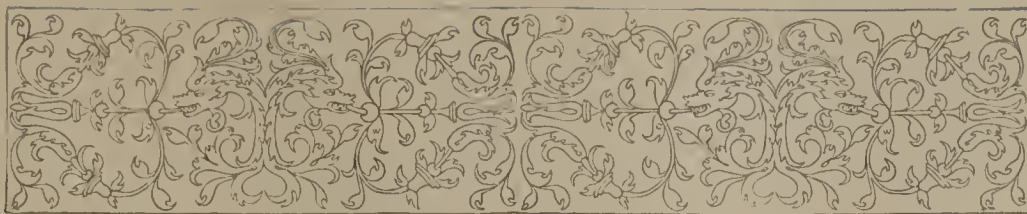


PLATE VII.

THE TEMPEST.

ACT V. SCENE I.

PROSPERO'S CELL.

THE ENTRANCE OF THE CELL OPENS, AND DISCOVERS FERDINAND AND MIRANDA
PLAYING AT CHESS.

Miranda.

SWEET lord, you play me false.

Fer.

No, my dearest love,

I would not for the world.

Mira. Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should wrangle,
And I would call it fair play.

Painted by Francis Wheatley, R. A. Engraved by Caroline Watson.







PLATE VIII.

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

ACT V. SCENE 4.

A FOREST.

VALENTINE, PROTEUS, SILVIA, AND JULIA.

Valentine.



UFFIAN, let go that rude uncivil touch;
Thou friend of an ill fashion!

Pro.

Valentine!

Val. Thou common friend, that's without faith or love;
(For such is a friend now;) treacherous man!
Thou hast beguil'd my hopes; nought but mine eye
Could have persuaded me. Now I dare not say
I have one friend alive; thou wouldst disprove me.
Who should be trusted now, when one's own right hand
Is perjur'd to the bosom? Proteus,
I am sorry I must never trust thee more,
But count the world a stranger for thy sake.
The private wound is deepest. O time most accurs'd!
'Mongst all foes, that a friend should be the worst.

Painted by Maria Angelica Kauffman, R.A. Engraved by Luigi Schiavonetti.







PLATE IX.

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

ACT I. SCENE I.

BEFORE PAGE'S HOUSE.

ANNE PAGE, SLENDER, AND SIMPLE.

Slender.



MAISTRESS Anne, yourself shall go first.

Anne. Not I, sir; pray you, keep on.

Slen. Truly, I will not go first; truly, la: I will not do you that wrong.

Anne. I pray you, sir.

Slen. I'll rather be unmannerly than troublesome; you do yourself wrong, indeed, la.

Painted by Robert Smirke, R. A. Engraved by John Peter Simon.







PLATE X.

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

ACT II. SCENE I.

BEFORE PAGE'S HOUSE.

MRS. PAGE AND MRS. FORD.

Mrs. Ford.



HY this is the very same; the very hand, the very words. What doth he think of us?

Mrs. Page. Nay, I know not: It makes me almost ready to wrangle with mine own honesty. I'll entertain myself like one that I am not acquainted withal.

Painted by the Rev. William Peters, R.A. Engraved by Robert Thew.







PLATE XI.

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

ACT III. SCENE 3.

A ROOM IN FORD'S HOUSE.

MRS. PAGE, MRS. FORD, AND FALSTAFF.

Falstaff.



LOVE thee. Help me away: let me creep in here; I'll never——

[He goes into the basket; they cover him with foul linen.]

Mrs. Page. Help to cover your master, boy.—Call your men, mistress Ford. You dissembling knight.

Painted by the Rev. William Peters, R.A. Engraved by John Peter Simon.







PLATE XII.

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

ACT IV. SCENE 2.

A ROOM IN FORD'S HOUSE.

FORD, SHALLOW, PAGE, CAIUS, SIR HUGH EVANS, FALSTAFF, AS THE OLD WOMAN OF
BRENTFORD, MRS. FORD, AND MRS. PAGE.

Mrs. Page.



OME, mother Prat ; come, give me your hand.

Ford. I'll *prat* her :—Out of my door, you witch, (*beats him*) you rag,
you baggage, you polecat, you ronyon ! Out ! out ! I'll conjure you, I'll
fortune-tell you.

Painted by James Durno. Engraved by Thomas Ryder.







PLATE XIII.

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

ACT V. SCENE 5.

WINDSOR PARK.

FALSTAFF (DISGUISED WITH A BUCK'S HEAD ON), FAIRIES, MRS. FORD, MRS. PAGE,
MRS. QUICKLY, PISTOL, SIR HUGH EVANS, FENTON, AND ANNE PAGE.

Quickly.



WITH trial-fire touch me his finger-end.—

If he be chaste, the flame will back descend,

And turn him to no pain; but if he start,

It is the flesh of a corrupted heart.

Pist. A trial, come.

Eva.

Come, will this wood take fire?

[They burn him with their tapers.]

Fal. Oh, oh, oh!

Quick. Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in desire!

About him, fairies; sing a scornful rhyme;

And, as you trip, still pinch him to your time.

Painted by Robert Smirke, R. A. Engraved by Isaac Taylor, Jun.







PLATE XIV.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

ACT II. SCENE I.

ANGELO'S HOUSE.

ESCALUS, A JUSTICE, ELBOW, FROTH, CLOWN, OFFICERS, AND OTHERS.

Escalus.



RULY, officer, because he hath some offences in him, that thou wouldst discover if thou couldst, let him continue in his courses, till thou know'st what they are.

Elb. Marry, I thank your worship for it:—Thou seest, thou wicked varlet now, what's come upon thee; thou art to continue now, thou varlet; thou art to continue.

Painted by Robert Smirke, R.A. Engraved by Thomas Ryder and C. G. Playter.







PLATE XV.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

ACT V. SCENE 1.

A PUBLIC PLACE NEAR THE CITY GATE.

THE DUKE IN A FRIAR'S HABIT, VARRIUS, LORDS, ANGELO, ESCALUS, LUCIO, AND
CITIZENS. ISABELLA, PETER, MARIANA, PROVOST, &c.

Lucio.



COME, sir; come, sir; come, sir; foh, sir: Why, you bald-pated, lying
rascal! you must be hooded, must you? Show your knave's visage,——
———show your sheep-biting face, and be hanged an hour! Will't not off?

[Pulls off the Friar's hood, and discovers the Duke.]

Duke. Thou art the first knave that e'er made a duke.—

First, provost, let me bail these gentle three:—

Sneak not away, sir; *[to Lucio]* for the friar and you

Must have a word anon:—lay hold on him.

Painted by Thomas Kirk. Engraved by Peter Simon.



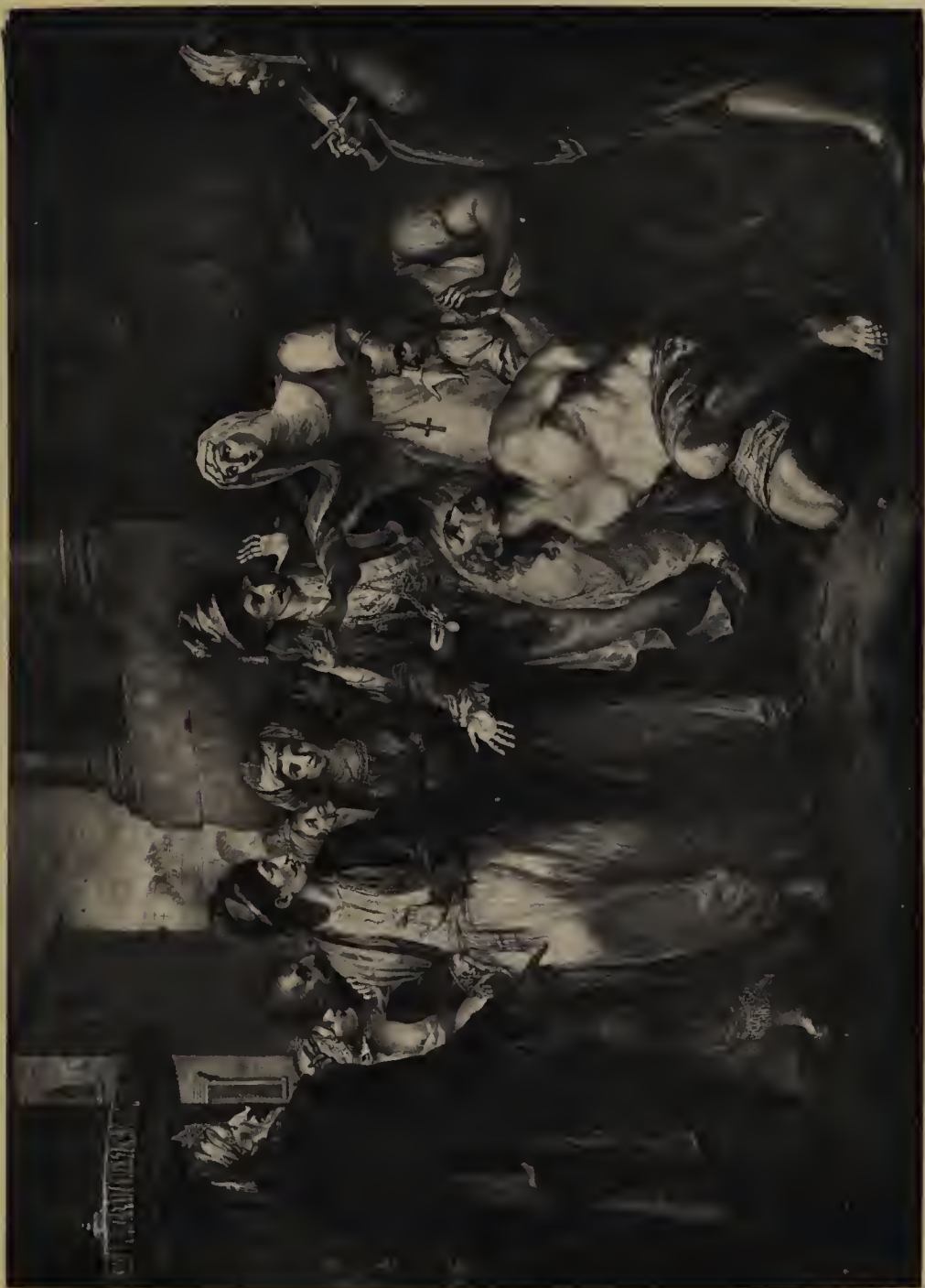




PLATE XVI.

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

ACT V. SCENE I.

A STREET BEFORE THE PRIORY.

MERCHANT, ANGELO, LADY ABBESS, ADRIANA, COURTEZAN, DUKE, ÆGEON, ANTIPHOLUS
AND DROMIO OF SYRACUSE, ANTIPHOLUS AND DROMIO OF EPHEBUS, HEADSMAN, &c.

Abbess.



MOST mighty Duke, behold a man much wrong'd.

[All gather to see him.]

Adr. I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me.

Duke. One of these men is genius to the other;

And so of these: Which is the natural man,

And which the spirit? Who deciphers them?

Dro. S. I, sir, am Dromio; command him away.

Dro. E. I, sir, am Dromio; pray, let me stay.

Ant. S. Ægeon, art thou not? or else his ghost?

Dro. S. O, my old master, who hath bound him here?

Painted by John Francis Rigaud, R.A. Engraved by C. G. Playter.







PLATE XVII.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

ACT III. SCENE I.

AN ORCHARD.

HERO, URSULA, AND BEATRICE.

Hero.



HEN go we near her, that her ear lose nothing
Of the false sweet bait that we lay for it.—

[They advance to the bower.]

No, truly, Ursula, she is too disdainful;
I know, her spirits are as coy and wild
As haggards of the rock.

Urs. But are you sure,
That Benedick loves Beatrice so entirely?

Painted by the Rev. William Peters, R.A. Engraved by Peter Simon.







PLATE XVIII.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

THE INSIDE OF A CHURCH.

DON PEDRO, DON JOHN, LEONATO, FRIAR, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, HERO, AND BEATRICE.

Claud.



HERO! what a Hero hadst thou been,
If half thy outward graces had been placed
About thy thoughts, and counsels of thy heart!
But, fare thee well, most foul, most fair! farewell,
Thou pure impiety, and impious purity!
For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love,
And on my eyelids shall conjecture hang,
To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm,
And never shall it more be gracious.

Leon. Hath no man's dagger here a point for me?

[*Hero swoons.*

Beat. Why, how now, cousin? wherefore sink you down?

D. John. Come, let us go: these things, come thus to light,
Smother her spirits up.

Painted by William Hamilton, R. A. Engraved by Peter Simon.







PLATE XIX.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

ACT IV. SCENE 2.

A PRISON.

DOGBERRY, VERGES, BORACCHIO, CONRADE, THE TOWN CLERK, AND SEXTON.

Sexton.



HAT heard you him say else?

2 Watch. Marry, that he had received a thousand ducats of Don John, for accusing the lady Hero wrongfully.

Dogb. Flat burglary, as ever was committed.

Verg. Yea, by the mass, that it is.

Sexton. What else, fellow?

1 Watch. And that count Claudio did mean, upon his words, to disgrace Hero before the whole assembly, and not marry her.

Dogb. O villain! thou wilt be condemned into everlasting redemption for this.

Sexton. What else?

2 Watch. This is all.

Painted by Robert Smirke, R. A. Engraved by John Ogborne.







PLATE XX.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A PAVILION IN THE PARK, NEAR THE PALACE.

PRINCESS, ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE, LORDS, ATTENDANTS, AND A FORESTER.

Prin.



AS that the king, that spurr'd his horse so hard
Against the steep uprising of the hill?

Boyet. I know not; but, I think, it was not he.

Prin. Whoe'er he was, he show'd a mounting mind.

Well, lords, to-day we shall have our despatch;

On Saturday we will return to France.

Then, forester, my friend, where is the bush,

That we must stand and play the murderer in?

For. Here by, upon the edge of yonder coppice;

A stand, where you may make the fairest shoot.

Painted by William Hamilton, R.A. Engraved by Thomas Ryder.







PLATE XXI.

A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

ACT IV. SCENE 1.

A WOOD.

TITANIA, QUEEN OF THE FAIRIES, BOTTOM, FAIRIES ATTENDING, &c. &c.

Bottom.

 CRATCH my head, Peas-blossom.—Where's monsieur Cobweb?

Cob. Ready.

Bot. Monsieur Cobweb; good monsieur, get your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hipped humble bee on the top of a thistle; and good monsieur, bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret yourself too much in the action, monsieur; and, good monsieur, have a care the honey-bag break not; I would be loth to have you overflown with a honey-bag, signior.—Where's monsieur Mustard-seed?

Must. Ready.

Bot. Give me your neif, monsieur Mustard-seed. Pray you, leave your courtesy, good monsieur.

Must. What's your will?

Bot. Nothing, good monsieur, but to help cavalero Cobweb to scratch. I must to the barber's, monsieur; for, methinks, I am marvellous hairy about the face; and I am such a tender ass, if my hair do but tickle me I must scratch.

Painted by Henry Fuseli, R.A. Engraved by John Peter Simon.







PLATE XXII.

A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A WOOD.

OBERON, QUEEN OF THE FAIRIES, PUCK, BOTTOM, FAIRIES ATTENDING, &c. &c.

Titania.



Y Oberon! what visions have I seen!
Methought I was enamour'd of an ass.

Obe. There lies your love.

Tita. How came these things to pass?

O, how mine eyes do loathe his visage now!

Obe. Silence a while.—Robin, take off this head.—

Titania, music call; and strike more dead

Than common sleep, of all these five the sense.

Painted by Henry Fuseli, R. A. Engraved by Thomas Ryder.







PLATE XXIII.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

ACT II. SCENE 5.

SHYLOCK'S HOUSE.

SHYLOCK, JESSICA, AND LAUNCELOT.

Shylock.



HAT! are there masques? Hear you me, Jessica :
Lock up my doors ; and when you hear the drum,
And the vile squealing of the wry-neck'd fife,
Clamber not you up to the casements then,
Nor thrust your head into the public street,
To gaze on Christian fools with varnish'd faces :
But stop my house's ears, I mean my casements ;
Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter
My sober house.

Painted by Robert Smirke, R. A. Engraved by John Peter Simon.







PLATE XXIV.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

ACT V. SCENE I.

BELMONT: A GROVE OR GREEN PLACE BEFORE PORTIA'S HOUSE.

JESSICA, LORENZO, AND STEPHANO.

Lorenzo.



OW sweet the moon-light sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears; soft stillness, and the night,
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica. Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold.
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins:
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

Painted by William Hodges, R.A. Engraved by John Browne.







PLATE XXV.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

ACT I. SCENE 2.

BEFORE THE DUKE'S PALACE.

ROSALIND, CELIA, ORLANDO, DUKE, AND ATTENDANTS. CHARLES CARRIED OFF.

Rosalind.



ENTLEMAN,

[Giving him a chain from her neck.]

Wear this for me,—one out of suits with fortune,
That could give more but that her hand lacks means.

Painted by J. Downman, R. A. Engraved by W. Leney.







PLATE XXVI.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

ACT II. SCENE I.

THE FOREST OF ARDEN.

JAQUES, AMIENS, AND THE FIRST LORD.

I *Lord.*



O-DAY, my lord of Amiens and myself
Did steal behind him, as he lay along
Under an oak, whose antique roots peep out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood :
To the which place a poor sequester'd stag,
That from the hunters' aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish ; and, indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heaved forth such groans,
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting ; and the big round tears
Coursed one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase : and thus the hairy fool,
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.

Painted by William Hodges, R.A. Engraved by Samuel Middiman.





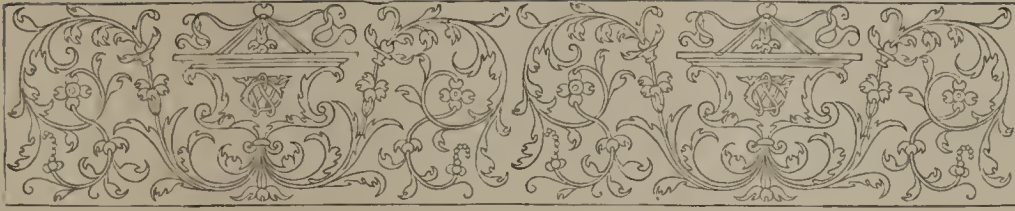


PLATE XXVII.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

ACT II. SCENE 7.

THE FOREST OF ARDEN.

DUKE, AMIENS, JAQUES, AND OTHERS.

(THE SEVEN AGES OF MAN—FIRST AGE.)

Jaques.



T first, the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.

Painted by Robert Smirke, R. A. Engraved by Peltro William Tomkins.







PLATE XXVIII.

AS · YOU · LIKE · IT.

ACT II. SCENE 7.

THE FOREST OF ARDEN.

DUKE, AMIENS, JAQUES, AND OTHERS.

(THE SEVEN AGES OF MAN — SECOND AGE.)

Jaques.



HEN the whining schoolboy, with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school.

Painted by Robert Smirke, R.A. Engraved by John Ogborne.







PLATE XXIX.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

ACT II. SCENE 7.

THE FOREST OF ARDEN.

DUKE, AMIENS, JAQUES, AND OTHERS.

(THE SEVEN AGES OF MAN—THIRD AGE.)

Jaques.



ND then, the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow.

Painted by Robert Smirke, R. A. Engraved by Robert Thew.







PLATE XXX.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

ACT II. SCENE 7.

THE FOREST OF ARDEN.

DUKE, AMIENS, JAQUES, AND OTHERS.

(THE SEVEN AGES OF MAN—FOURTH AGE.)

Jaques.



HEN, a soldier ;
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth.

Painted by Robert Smirke, R.A. Engraved by John Ogborne.







PLATE XXXI.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

ACT II. SCENE 7.

THE FOREST OF ARDEN.

DUKE, AMIENS, JAQUES, AND OTHERS.

(THE SEVEN AGES OF MAN—FIFTH AGE.)

Jaques.



AND then, the justice ;

In fair round belly, with good capon lined,

With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,

Full of wise saws and modern instances,

And so he plays his part.

Painted by Robert Smirke, R. A. Engraved by John Peter Simon.







PLATE XXXII.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

ACT II. SCENE 7.

THE FOREST OF ARDEN.

DUKE, AMIENS, JAQUES, AND OTHERS.

(THE SEVEN AGES OF MAN—SIXTH AGE.)

Jaques.



HE sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon ;
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side ;
His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank ; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound.

Painted by Robert Smirke, R. A. Engraved by W. Leney.







PLATE XXXIII.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

ACT II. SCENE 7.

THE FOREST OF ARDEN.

DUKE, AMIENS, JAQUES, AND OTHERS.

(THE SEVEN AGES OF MAN—THE LAST.)

Jaques.



LAST scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion ;
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

Painted by Robert Smirke, R.A. Engraved by John Peter Simon.







PLATE XXXIV.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

ACT IV. SCENE 3.

A FOREST.

ORLANDO AND OLIVER.

Oliver.

UNDER an old oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age,
And high top bald with dry antiquity,
A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,
Lay sleeping on his back : about his neck
A green and gilded snake had wreathed itself,
Who with her head, nimble in threats, approach'd
The opening of his mouth ; but suddenly
Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itself,
And with indented glides did slip away
Into a bush : under which bush's shade
A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,
Lay couching, head on ground, with catlike watch,
When that the sleeping man should stir ; for 'tis
The royal disposition of that beast
To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead ;
This seen, Orlando did approach the man,
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

Painted by Raphael West. Engraved by W. C. Wilson.







PLATE XXXV.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

ACT V. SCENE 4.

A FOREST.

DUKE SENIOR, AMIENS, JAQUES, ORLANDO, OLIVER, CELIA, ROSALIND, AUDREY,
CLOWN, SILVIUS, PHEBE, HYMEN, &c.

Rosalind.



O you I give myself, for I am yours.

[To Duke Senior.]

To you I give myself, for I am yours.

[To Orlando.]

Painted by William Hamilton, R. A. Engraved by Peter Simon.







PLATE XXXVI.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

INDUCTION. SCENE 2.

A ROOM IN THE LORD'S HOUSE.

SLY, WITH LORD AND ATTENDANTS; SOME WITH APPAREL, BASON AND EWER,
AND OTHER APPURTENANCES.

Sly.



M I a lord? and have I such a lady?
Or do I dream, or have I dream'd till now?
I do not sleep: I see, I hear, I speak;
I smell sweet savours, and I feel soft things:—
Upon my life, I am a lord, indeed;
And not a tinker, nor Christophero Sly.—
Well, bring our lady hither to our sight;
And once again, a pot o' the smallest ale.

Painted by Robert Smirke, R.A. Engraved by Robert Thew.







PLATE XXXVII.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

ACT III. SCENE 2.

BAPTISTA'S HOUSE.

PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, BIANCA, HORTENSIA, BAPTISTA, GRUMIO, AND TRAIN.

Petruchio.

BUT for my bonny Kate, she must with me.
Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret ;
I will be master of what is mine own :
She is my goods, my chattels ; she is my house,
My household-stuff, my field, my barn,
My horse, my ox, my ass, my anything ;
And here she stands, touch her whoever dare ;
I'll bring mine action on the proudest he
That stops my way in Padua. Grumio,
Draw forth thy weapon, we are beset with thieves ;
Rescue thy mistress, if thou be a man :—
Fear not, sweet wench, they shall not touch thee, Kate ;
I'll buckler thee against a million.

Painted by Francis Wheatley, R. A. Engraved by John Peter Simon.







PLATE XXXVIII.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

ACT V. SCENE 3.

A ROOM IN THE COUNTESS'S PALACE.

KING, COUNTESS, LAFEU, LORDS, ATTENDANTS, &c., BERTRAM GUARDED, HELENA,
DIANA, AND WIDOW.

Helena.



MY good lord, when I was like this maid,
I found you wond'rous kind. There is your ring,
And, look you, here 's your letter.

*Painted by Francis Wheatley, R.A. Engraved by George Sigmund
and John Gottlieb Facius.*







PLATE XXXIX.

T W E L F T H N I G H T.

ACT III. SCENE 4.

OLIVIA'S HOUSE.

OLIVIA, MARIA, AND MALVOLIO.

Malvolio.



WEET lady, ho, ho.

[Smiles fantastically.]

Oli. Smilest thou?

I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.

Mal. Sad, lady? I could be sad: This does make some obstruction in the blood, this cross-gartering. But what of that? if it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true sonnet is: "Please one, and please all."

Painted by John Henry Ramberg. Engraved by Thomas Ryder.







PLATE XL.

TWELFTH NIGHT.

ACT V. SCENE I.

THE STREET.

THE DUKE, VIOLA, ANTONIO, OFFICER, OLIVIA, PRIEST, AND ATTENDANTS.

Olivia.



FATHER, I charge thee, by thy reverence,
Here to unfold (though lately we intended
To keep in darkness what occasion now
Reveals before 'tis ripe) what thou dost know,
Hath newly pass'd between this youth and me.

Painted by William Hamilton, R.A. Engraved by Francesco Bartolozzi, R.A.







PLATE XLI.

THE WINTER'S TALE.

ACT II. SCENE 3.

A PALACE.

LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, LORDS, ATTENDANTS, AND THE INFANT PERDITA.

Leontes.



T shall be possible : Swear by this sword,
Thou wilt perform my bidding.

Ant.

I will, my lord.

Leon. Mark, and perform it ; (seest thou ?) for the fail
Of any point in't shall not only be
Death to thyself, but to thy lewd-tongued wife ;
Whom, for this time, we pardon. We enjoin thee,
As thou art liegeman to us, that thou carry
This female bastard hence ; and that thou bear it
To some remote and desert place, quite out
Of our dominions ; and that there thou leave it,
Without more mercy, to its own protection,
And the favour of the climate.

Painted by John Opie, R.A. Engraved by John Peter Simon.





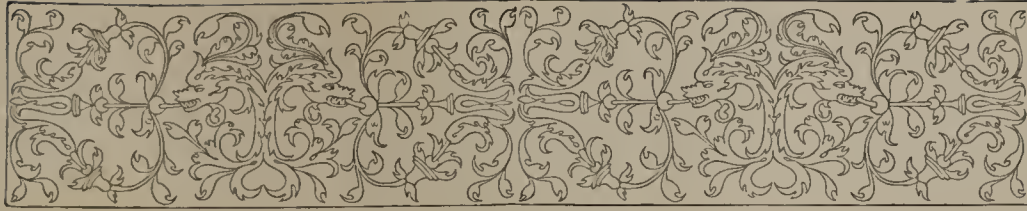


PLATE XLII.

THE WINTER'S TALE.

ACT III. SCENE 3.

A DESERT PLACE NEAR THE SEA.

ANTIGONUS PURSUED BY A BEAR. SHEPHERD AND CLOWN.

Clown.



HAVE seen two such sights, by sea, and by land;—but I am not to say, it is a sea, for it is now the sky; betwixt the firmament and it you cannot thrust a bodkin's point.

Shep. Why, boy, how is it?

Clo. I would you did but see how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes up the shore! but that's not to the point! O, the most piteous cry of the poor souls! sometimes to see 'em, and not to see 'em: now the ship boring the moon with her mainmast; and anon swallowed with yest and froth, as you'd thrust a cork into a hogshead. And then for the land-service,—To see how the bear tore out his shoulder-bone; how he cried to me for help, and said his name was Antigonus, a nobleman;—But to make an end of the ship:—to see how the sea flap-dragoned it:—but, first, how the poor souls roared, and the sea mocked them;—and how the poor gentleman roared, and the bear mocked him, both roaring louder than the sea, or weather.

Painted by Joseph Wright. Engraved by Samuel Middiman.







PLATE XLIII.

THE WINTER'S TALE.

ACT IV. SCENE 3.

A SHEPHERD'S COT.

FLORIZEL, PERDITA, SHEPHERD, CLOWN, MOPSA, DORCAS, SERVANTS ; POLIXENES
AND CAMILLO, DISGUISED.

Perdita.



SIR, welcome !

[*To Polixenes.*

It is my father's will I should take on me
The hostess-ship o' the day :—You're welcome, sir !

[*To Camillo.*

Give me those flowers there, Dorcas.—Reverend sirs,
For you there's rosemary, and rue ; these keep
Seeming and savour all the winter long :
Grace and remembrance be to you both,
And welcome to our shearing !

Painted by Francis Wheatley, R. A. Engraved by James Fittler.







PLATE XLIV.

THE WINTER'S TALE.

ACT V. SCENE 3.

PAULINA'S HOUSE.

LEONTES, POLIXENES, FLORIZEL, PERDITA, CAMILLO, PAULINA, LORDS, AND ATTENDANTS.

HERMIONE AS A STATUE.

Paulina.



MUSIC; awake her: strike.—

[Music.

'T is time; descend; be stone no more: approach;
Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come;
I'll fill your grave up: stir; nay, come away;
Bequeath to death your numbness, for from him
Dear life redeems you.—You perceive she stirs;

[Hermione comes down from the pedestal.

Start not: her actions shall be holy, as,
You hear, my spell is lawful; do not shun her,
Until you see her die again; for then
You kill her double: Nay, present your hand:
When she was young you woo'd her; now, in age,
Is she become the suitor!

Painted by William Hamilton, R. A. Engraved by Robert Thew.







PLATE XLV.

K I N G J O H N.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A ROOM IN THE CASTLE OF NORTHAMPTON.

ARTHUR, HUBERT, AND ATTENDANTS.

Arthur.



SAVE me, Hubert, save me! my eyes are out,
Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

Hub. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

Arth. Alas, what need you be so boist'rous-rough?

I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.

For heaven sake, Hubert, let me not be bound!

Nay, hear me, Hubert! drive these men away,

And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;

I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,

Nor look upon the iron angrily:

Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,

Whatever torment you do put me to.

Painted by James Northcote, R.A. Engraved by Robert Thew.







PLATE XLVI.

KING RICHARD THE SECOND.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

PARLIAMENT HOUSE.

KING RICHARD, BOLINGBROKE, YORK, AUMERLE, NORTHUMBERLAND, PERCY, FITZWATER,
SURREY, BISHOP OF CARLISLE, ABBOT OF WESTMINSTER, HERALD, &c. AND BAGOT.

Bolingbroke.



RE you contented to resign the crown?

K. Rich. Ay, no;—no, ay; for I must nothing be;
Therefore no, no, for I resign to thee.

Now mark me how I will undo myself:—

I give this heavy weight from off my head,
And this unwieldy sceptre from my hand,
The pride of kingly sway from out my heart;
With mine own tears I wash away my balm,
With mine own hands I give away my crown,
With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,
With mine own breath release all duteous oaths:
All pomp and majesty I do forswear;
My manors, rents, revenues, I forego;
My acts, decrees, and statutes, I deny:
God pardon all oaths that are broke to me!
God keep all vows unbroke are made to thee!—

Painted by Mather Browne. Engraved by Benjamin Smith.







PLATE XLVII.

KING RICHARD THE SECOND.

ACT V. SCENE 2.

LONDON; A ROOM IN THE DUKE OF YORK'S PALACE.

THE ENTRANCE OF KING RICHARD AND BOLINGBROKE INTO LONDON, AS
DESCRIBED BY THE DUKE OF YORK.

York.



THEN, as I said, the duke, great Bolingbroke,
Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed,
Which his aspiring rider seem'd to know,
With slow, but stately pace, kept on his course,
While all tongues cried—God save thee, Bolingbroke!
You would have thought the very windows spake,
So many greedy looks of young and old
Through casements darted their desiring eyes
Upon his visage; and that all the walls,
With painted imagery, had said at once,—
Jesu preserve thee! welcome, Bolingbroke!
Whilst he, from one side to the other turning,
Bare-headed, lower than his proud steed's neck,
Bespake them thus,—I thank you, countrymen:
And thus still doing, thus he pass'd along.

Painted by James Northcote, R.A. Engraved by Robert Thew.







PLATE XLVIII.

KING HENRY THE FOURTH.

PART I.

ACT II. SCENE 2.

THE ROAD TO GADSHILL.

PRINCE HENRY, POINS, PETO, FALSTAFF, GADSHILL, BARDOLPH.

Falstaff.



OME, my masters, let us share, and then to horse before day. An the prince and Poins be not two arrant cowards, there's no equity stirring: there's no more valour in that Poins than in a wild duck.

P. Hen. Your money.

[Rushing out upon them.]

Poins. Villains.

[As they are sharing, the Prince and Poins set upon them.]

They all run away; and Falstaff, after a blow or two, runs away too, leaving the booty behind.

Painted by Robert Smirke, R.A. and Joseph Farington, R.A.

Engraved by Samuel Middiman.







PLATE XLIX.

KING HENRY THE FOURTH.

PART I.

ACT II. SCENE 4.

THE BOAR'S-HEAD TAVERN, EASTCHEAP.

PRINCE HENRY, FALSTAFF, POINS, &c.

Falstaff.



HERE is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch: this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile; so doth the company thou keepest: for, Harry, now I do not speak to thee in drink, but in tears; not in pleasure, but in passion; not in words only, but in woes also:—And yet there is a virtuous man, whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

P. Hen. What manner of man, an it like your majesty?

Fal. A good portly man, i' faith, and a corpulent; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage; and, as I think, his age some fifty, or, by'r-lady, inclining to threescore; and now I remember me, his name is Falstaff: if that man should be lewdly given, he deceives me; for, Harry, I see virtue in his looks.

Painted by Robert Smirke, R. A. Engraved by Robert Thew.







PLATE L.

KING HENRY THE FOURTH.

PART I.

ACT III. SCENE I.

THE ARCHDEACON OF BANGOR'S HOUSE, IN WALES.

HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, MORTIMER, AND OWEN GLENDOWER.

Worcester.

YEA, but a little charge will trench him here,
And on this north side win this cape of land ;
And then he runs straight and even.

Hot. I'll have it so ; a little charge will do it.

Glend. I will not have it alter'd.

Hot. Will not you ?

Glend. No, nor you shall not.

Hot. Who shall say me nay ?

Glend. Why, that will I.

Hot. Let me not understand you then ;
Speak it in Welsh.

Painted by Richard Westall, R. A. Engraved by John Peter Simon.







PLATE LI.

KING HENRY THE FOURTH.

PART I.

ACT V. SCENE 4.

PLAIN NEAR SHREWSBURY.

PRINCE HENRY, HOTSPUR, AND FALSTAFF.

Hotspur.



HARRY, thou hast robb'd me of my youth :

I better brook the loss of brittle life

Than those proud titles thou hast won of me ;

They wound my thoughts worse than the sword my flesh :—

But thought's the slave of life, and life time's fool ;

And time, that takes survey of all the world,

Must have a stop. O, I could prophesy,

But that the earthy and cold hand of death

Lies on my tongue : No, Percy, thou art dust,

And food for —

[*Dies.*

P. Hen. For worms, brave Percy : Fare thee well, great heart !

Painted by John Francis Rigaud, R. A. Engraved by Thomas Ryder.







PLATE LII.

KING HENRY THE FOURTH.

PART II.

ACT II. SCENE 4.

A ROOM IN THE BOAR'S-HEAD TAVERN, IN EASTCHEAP.

DOLL TEAR-SHEET AND FALSTAFF. PRINCE HENRY AND POINS ENTER BEHIND,
DISGUISED AS DRAWERS.

Falstaff.

PEACE, good Doll! do not speak like a death's head; do not bid me remember mine end.

Doll. Sirrah, what humour is the prince of?

Fal. A good shallow young fellow; he would have made a good pantler, he would have chipped bread well.

Doll. They say, Poins has a good wit.

Fal. He a good wit? hang him, baboon! his wit is as thick as Tewkesbury mustard; there is no more conceit in him, than is in a mallet.

Doll. Why does the prince love him so then?

Fal. Because their legs are both of a bigness; and he plays at quoits well; and eats conger and fennel; and drinks off candles' ends for flap-dragons; and rides the wild mare with the boys; and jumps upon joint-stools; and swears with a good grace; and wears his boot very smooth, like unto the sign of the leg; and breeds no bate with telling of discreet stories; and such other gambol faculties he has, that show a weak mind and an able body, for the which the prince admits him: for the prince himself is such another; the weight of a hair will turn the scales between their avoirdupois.

Painted by Henry Fuseli, R. A. Engraved by William Leney.







PLATE LIII.

KING HENRY THE FOURTH.

PART II.

ACT III. SCENE 2.

JUSTICE SHALLOW'S SEAT IN GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

SHALLOW, SILENCE, FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, BOY, MOULDY, SHADOW,
WART, FEEBLE, AND BULL-CALF.

Falstaff.



GIVE me the spare men, and spare me the great ones. Put me a caliver into Wart's hand, Bardolph.

Bard. Hold, Wart, traverse; thus, thus, thus.

Fal. Come, manage me your caliver. So:—very well:—go to:—very good:—exceeding good.—O, give me always a little, lean, old, chapped, bald shot.—Well said, Wart; thou'rt a good scab: hold, there's a tester for thee.

Painted by James Durno. Engraved by Thomas Ryder.



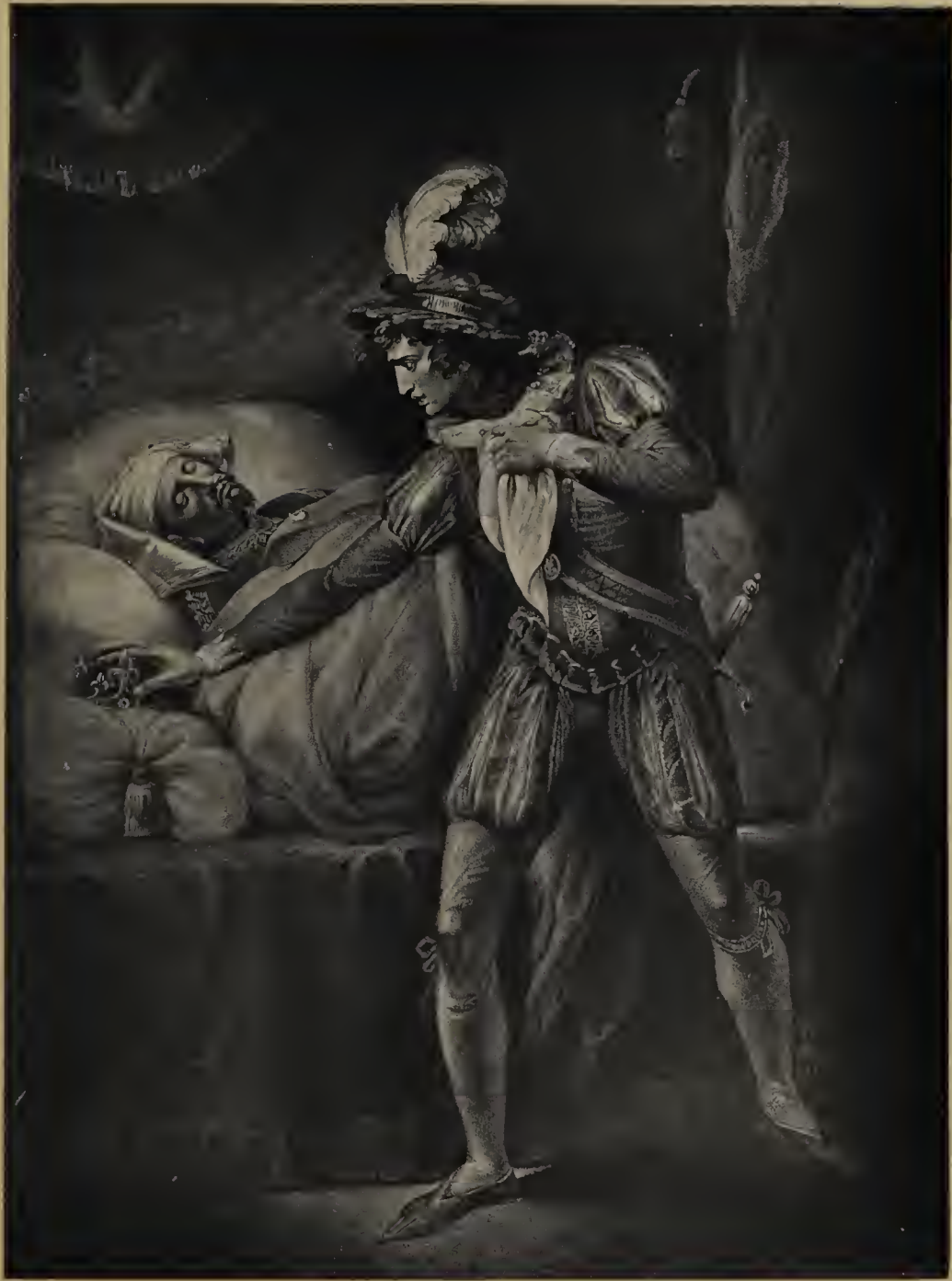




PLATE LIV.

KING HENRY THE FOURTH.

PART II.

ACT IV. SCENE 4.

THE PALACE AT WESTMINSTER.

KING HENRY ASLEEP; PRINCE OF WALES.

P. Henry.



Y gracious lord! my father!
This sleep is sound indeed; this is a sleep,
That from this golden rigol hath divorc'd
So many English kings. Thy due, from me,
Is tears, and heavy sorrows of the blood;
Which nature, love, and filial tenderness,
Shall, O dear father, pay thee plenteously:
My due, from thee, is this imperial crown;
Which, as immediate from thy place and blood,
Derives itself to me. Lo, here it sits,—

[Putting it on his head.]

Which Heaven shall guard; And put the world's whole strength
Into one giant arm, it shall not force
This lineal honour from me: This from thee
Will I to mine leave, as 't is left to me.

Painted by Josiah Boydell. Engraved by Robert Thew.







PLATE LV.

KING HENRY THE FOURTH.

PART II.

ACT IV. SCENE 4.

THE PALACE AT WESTMINSTER.

KING HENRY, AND THE PRINCE OF WALES.

P. Henry.



HERE is your crown :
And He that wears the crown immortally,
Long guard it yours ! If I affect it more,
Than as your honour, and as your renown,
Let me no more from this obedience rise,—
(Which my most true and inward duteous spirit
Teacheth)—this prostrate and exterior bending !
Heaven witness with me, when I here came in
And found no course of breath within your majesty,
How cold it struck my heart ! If I do feign,
O, let me in my present wildness die ;
And never live to show th' incredulous world
The noble change that I have purposed !

Painted by Josiah Boydell. Engraved by Robert Thew.







PLATE LVI.

KING HENRY THE FIFTH.

ACT II. SCENE 2.

SOUTHAMPTON.

EXETER, BEDFORD, AND WESTMORELAND; THE KING, SCROOP, CAMBRIDGE,
GREY, AND ATTENDANTS.

K. Henry.



HY, how now, gentlemen?

What see you in those papers, that you lose
So much complexion?—look ye, how they change!

Their cheeks are paper.—Why, what read you there,
That hath so cowarded and chas'd your blood
Out of appearance?

Cam. I do confess my fault;
And do submit me to your highness' mercy.

Grey. Scroop. To which we all appeal.

Painted by Henry Fuseli, R.A. Engraved by Robert Thew.









PLATE LVII.

KING HENRY THE SIXTH.

PART I.

ACT II. SCENE 3.

THE COUNTESS OF AUVERGNE'S CASTLE.

THE COUNTESS, PORTER, TALBOT, &c.

Countess.



HIS is a riddling merchant for the nonce ;
He will be here, and yet he is not here :
How can these contrarieties agree ?

Tal. That will I show you presently.

*[He winds a horn. Drums heard ; then a
Peal of Ordnance. The Gates being
forced, enter Soldiers.]*

How say you, madam ? are you now persuaded
That Talbot is but shadow of himself ?
These are his substance, sinews, arms, and strength,
With which he yoketh your rebellious necks ;
Razeth your cities, and subverts your towns,
And in a moment makes them desolate.

Painted by John Opie, R.A. Engraved by Robert Thew.







PLATE LVIII.

KING HENRY THE SIXTH.

PART I.

ACT II. SCENE 4.

LONDON; THE TEMPLE GARDEN.

EARLS OF SOMERSET, SUFFOLK, AND WARWICK; RICHARD PLANTAGENET, VERNON,
AND ANOTHER LAWYER.

Plantagenet.

SINCE you are tongue-tied, and so loth to speak,
In dumb significants proclaim your thoughts :
Let him that is a true-born gentleman,
And stands upon the honour of his birth,
If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,
From off this brier pluck a white rose with me.

Som. Let him that is no coward, nor no flatterer,
But dare maintain the party of the truth,
Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me.

Painted by Josiah Boydell. Engraved by John Ogborne.







PLATE LIX.

KING HENRY THE SIXTH.

PART I.

ACT II. SCENE 5.

A ROOM IN THE TOWER.

MORTIMER IN A CHAIR, JAILOR, AND RICHARD PLANTAGENET.

Jailor.

MY lord, your loving nephew now is come.

Mor. Richard Plantagenet, my friend? Is he come?

Plan. Ay, noble uncle, thus ignobly us'd,

Your nephew, late-despised Richard, comes.

Mor. Direct mine arms, I may embrace his neck,
And in his bosom spend my latter gasp:
O, tell me, when my lips do touch his cheeks,
That I may kindly give one fainting kiss.—

Painted by James Northcote, R. A. Engraved by Robert Thew.







PLATE LX.

KING HENRY THE SIXTH.

PART II.

ACT I. SCENE 4.

LONDON; THE DUKE OF GLOSTER'S GARDEN.

MOTHER JOURDAIN, HUME, SOUTHWELL, BOLINGBROKE, AND THE DUCHESS.

Bolingbroke.



ADAM, sit you, and fear not; whom we raise,
We will make fast within a hallow'd verge.

[Here they perform the ceremonies appertaining, and make the circle; Bolingbroke, or Southwell, reads, Conjuro te, &c. It thunders and lightens terribly; then the Spirit riseth.]

Spir. Adsum.

M. Jourd. Asmath,

By the eternal God, whose name and power
Thou tremblest at, answer that I shall ask;
For till thou speak thou shalt not pass from hence.

Painted by John Opie, R.A. Engraved by C. G. Playter and Robert Thew.







PLATE LXI.

KING HENRY THE SIXTH.

PART II.

ACT III. SCENE 3.

CARDINAL BEAUFORT'S BEDCHAMBER.

KING HENRY, SALISBURY, AND WARWICK. THE CARDINAL IN BED.

King Henry.



THOU eternal Mover of the heavens,
Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch!
O, beat away the busy meddling fiend

That lays strong siege unto this wretch's soul,
And from his bosom purge this black despair!

War. See, how the pangs of death do make him grin.

Sal. Disturb him not, let him pass peaceably.

K. Hen. Peace to his soul, if God's good pleasure be!
Lord cardinal, if thou think'st on heaven's bliss,
Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope.—
He dies, and makes no sign; O God, forgive him!

Painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds. Engraved by Caroline Watson.







PLATE LXII.

KING HENRY THE SIXTH.

PART III.

ACT I. SCENE 3.

A FIELD OF BATTLE BETWEEN SANDAL CASTLE AND WAKEFIELD.

RUTLAND AND HIS TUTOR, CLIFFORD AND SOLDIERS.

Clifford.



HAPLAIN, away! thy priesthood saves thy life.

As for the brat of this accursed duke,
Whose father slew my father, he shall die.

Tut. And I, my lord, will bear him company.

Clif. Soldiers, away with him.

Tut. Ah, Clifford! murder not this innocent child,
Lest thou be hated both of God and man.

[Exit, forced off by Soldiers.]

Clif. How now! is he dead already? Or is it fear
That makes him close his eyes?—I'll open them.

Painted by James Northcote, R. A. Engraved by C. G. Playter and T. Ryder.







PLATE LXIII.

KING HENRY THE SIXTH.

PART III.

ACT II. SCENE 5.

A FIELD OF BATTLE, NEAR TOWTON, IN YORKSHIRE.

KING HENRY. SON THAT HAS KILLED HIS FATHER—FATHER THAT
HAS KILLED HIS SON.

Father.



THOU that so stoutly hast resisted me,
Give me thy gold, if thou hast any gold ;
For I have bought it with an hundred blows.
But let me see :—is this our foeman's face ?
Ah, no, no, no, it is mine only son !
Ah, boy, if any life be left in thee,
Throw up thine eye ; see, see, what showers arise,
Blown with the windy tempest of my heart,
Upon thy wounds, that kill mine eye and heart !
O, pity, God, this miserable age !
What stratagems, how fell, how butcherly,
Erroneous, mutinous, and unnatural,
This deadly quarrel daily doth beget !
O boy, thy father gave thee life too soon,
And hath bereft thee of thy life too late !

Painted by Josiah Boydell. Engraved by John Ogborne.







PLATE LXIV.

KING HENRY THE SIXTH.

PART III.

ACT IV. SCENE 5.

A PARK, NEAR MIDDLEHAM CASTLE, IN YORKSHIRE.

KING EDWARD AND HUNTSMAN; GLOSTER, HASTINGS, AND SIR WILLIAM
STANLEY IN THE DISTANCE.

Huntsman.



HIS way, my lord ; for this way lies the game.

K. Edw. Nay, this way, man ; see where the huntsmen stand.

Now, brother of Gloster, lord Hastings, and the rest,

Stand you thus close to steal the bishop's deer ?

* * * * *

K. Edw. Huntsman, what say'st thou ? wilt thou go along ?

Hunt. Better do so than tarry and be hang'd.

Glo. Come then, away ; let's have no more ado.

K. Edw. Bishop, farewell : shield thee from Warwick's frown ;

And pray that I may repossess the crown.

Painted by William Miller. Engraved by John Baptist Michel and William Lency.







PLATE LXV.

KING HENRY THE SIXTH.

PART III.

ACT V. SCENE 7.

THE PALACE IN LONDON.

KING EDWARD, THE QUEEN, WITH THE YOUNG PRINCE, CLARENCE,
GLOSTER, HASTINGS, AND ATTENDANTS.

K. Edward.



COME hither, Bess, and let me kiss my boy :
Young Ned, for thee, thine uncles and myself
Have in our armours watch'd the winter's night ;
Went all afoot in summer's scalding heat,
That thou might'st repossess the crown in peace ;
And of our labours thou shalt reap the gain.

Glo. I'll blast his harvest, if your head were laid ;
For yet I am not look'd on in the world.
This shoulder was ordain'd so thick to heave ;
And heave it shall some weight, or break my back :
Work thou the way, and thou shalt execute.

[Aside.]

Painted by James Northcote, R.A. Engraved by John Baptist Michel.







PLATE LXVI.

KING RICHARD THE THIRD.

ACT III. SCENE I.

LONDON.

THE PRINCE OF WALES, THE DUKE OF YORK, HIS BROTHER, DUKES OF GLOSTER AND
BUCKINGHAM, CARDINAL BOURCHIER, LORD HASTINGS, THE
LORD MAYOR, AND HIS TRAIN.

Buckingham.



OW, in good time, here comes the duke of York.

Prince. Richard of York! how fares our noble brother?

York. Well, my dread lord; so must I call you now.

Prince. Ay, brother; to our grief, as it is yours:

Too late he died, that might have kept that title,

Which by his death hath lost much majesty.

Painted by James Northcote, R.A. Engraved by Robert Thew.







PLATE LXVII.

KING RICHARD THE THIRD.

ACT IV. SCENE 3.

LONDON; THE TOWER.

THE MURDER OF THE PRINCES, AS DESCRIBED BY TYRREL.

Tyrrel.

DIGHTON and Forrest, whom I did suborn
To do this piece of ruthless butchery,
Albeit they were flesh'd villains, bloody dogs,
Melting with tenderness and mild compassion,
Wept like to children, in their death's sad story.
"O thus," quoth Dighton, "lay the gentle babes,"—
"Thus, thus," quoth Forrest, "girdling one another
Within their alabaster innocent arms:
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
And, in their summer beauty, kiss'd each other.
A book of prayers on their pillow lay:
Which once," quoth Forrest, "almost chang'd my mind;
But, O, the devil"—there the villain stopp'd;
When Dighton thus told on,—“we smothered
The most replenished sweet work of Nature,
That, from the prime creation, e'er she fram'd!”

Painted by James Northcote, R.A. Engraved by Francis Legat.







PLATE LXVIII.

KING RICHARD THE THIRD.

ACT IV. SCENE 3.

LONDON: THE TOWER.

THE BURYING OF THE PRINCES, AS DESCRIBED BY TYRREL.

K. Richard.

KIND Tyrrel! am I happy in thy news?

Tyr. If to have done the thing you gave in charge

Beget your happiness, be happy then,

For it is done.

K. Rich. But didst thou see them dead?

Tyr. I did, my lord.

K. Rich. And buried, gentle Tyrrel?

Tyr. The chaplain of the Tower hath buried them;

But where, to say the truth, I do not know.

Painted by James Northcote, R.A. Engraved by William Skelton.







PLATE LXIX.

KING HENRY THE EIGHTH.

ACT I. SCENE 4.

YORK PLACE.

CARDINAL WOLSEY, LORD SANDS, ANNE BULLEN, KING HENRY, &c.

King Henry.



Y lord chamberlain,

Prithee, come hither : What fair lady 's that ?

Cham. An't please your grace, Sir Thomas Bullen's daughter,
The viscount Rochford, one of her highness' women.

K. Hen. By Heaven, she is a dainty one.—Sweetheart,
I were unmannerly to take you out,
And not to kiss you.—

Painted by Thomas Stothard, R. A. Engraved by Isaac Taylor.







PLATE LXX.

KING HENRY THE EIGHTH.

ACT III. SCENE I.

THE PALACE AT BRIDEWELL; THE QUEEN'S APARTMENTS.

THE QUEEN AND HER WOMEN AT WORK; CARDINALS WOLSEY AND CAMPEIUS.

Wolsey.



AY it please you, noble madam, to withdraw
Into your private chamber, we shall give you
The full cause of our coming.

Q. Kath.

Speak it here;

There's nothing I have done yet, o' my conscience,
Deserves a corner: 'Would all other women
Could speak this with as free a soul as I do!
My lords, I care not, (so much I am happy
Above a number,) if my actions
Were tried by every tongue, every eye saw them,
Envy and base opinion set against them,
I know my life so even: If your business
Seek me out, and that way I am wife in,
Out with it boldly: Truth loves open dealing.

Painted by the Rev. William Peters, R. A. Engraved by Robert Thew.







PLATE LXXI.

KING HENRY THE EIGHTH.

ACT IV. SCENE 2.

THE ABBEY OF LEICESTER.

THE ABBOT OF LEICESTER, WOLSEY, NORTHUMBERLAND, AND ATTENDANTS.

(THE RECEPTION OF THE CARDINAL, AS DESCRIBED BY GRIFFITH TO QUEEN KATHARINE.)

Griffith.



T last, with easy roads, he came to Leicester,
Lodg'd in the abbey; where the reverend abbot,
With all his convent, honourably receiv'd him;
To whom he gave these words,—“O father abbot,
An old man, broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;
Give him a little earth for charity!”
So went to bed: where eagerly his sickness
Pursued him still; and, three nights after this,
About the hour of eight, (which he himself
Foretold should be his last,) full of repentance,
Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,
He gave his honours to the world again,
His blessed part to Heaven, and slept in peace.

Painted by Richard Westall, R. A. Engraved by Robert Thew.







PLATE LXXII.

KING HENRY THE EIGHTH.

ACT V. SCENE 4.

THE PALACE.

THE CHRISTENING OF THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH.

Cranmer.

LET me speak, sir,
For Heaven now bids me; and the words I utter
Let none think flattery, for they 'll find them truth.
This royal infant, (Heaven still move about her!)
Though in her cradle, yet now promises
Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,
Which time shall bring to ripeness: She shall be
(But few now living can behold that goodness)
A pattern to all princes living with her,
And all that shall succeed.—

Painted by the Rev. William Peters, R.A. Engraved by Joseph Collyer







PLATE LXXIII.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

ACT II. SCENE 2.

TROY.

PRIAM, HECTOR, TROILUS, PARIS, HELENUS. ENTER CASSANDRA, RAVING.

Cassandra.



RY, Trojans, cry! lend me ten thousand eyes,
And I will fill them with prophetic tears.

Hect. Peace, sister, peace.

Cas. Virgins and boys, mid-age, and wrinkled old,
Soft infancy, that nothing canst but cry,
Add to my clamours! let us pay betimes
A moiety of that mass of moan to come.
Cry, Trojans, cry! practise your eyes with tears!
Troy must not be, nor goodly Ilion stand;
Our firebrand brother, Paris, burns us all.
Cry, Trojans, cry! a Helen, and a woe:
Cry, cry! Troy burns, or else let Helen go.

Painted by George Romney. Engraved by Francis Legat.







PLATE LXXIV.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

ACT V. SCENE 2.

CALCHAS' TENT.

DIOMEDES AND CRESSIDA. TROILUS, ULYSSES, AND THERSITES, AT A DISTANCE.

Diomedes.



AND so, good night.

Cres. Nay, but you part in anger.

Tro. Doth that grieve thee?

O wither'd truth!

Ulyss. Why, how now, lord?

Tro. By Jove,

I will be patient.

Cres. Guardian!—why, Greek!

Dio. Pho, Pho! adieu; you palter.

Cres. In faith, I do not; come hither once again.

Ulyss. You shake, my lord, at something; will you go?

You will break out.

Tro. She strokes his cheek!

Ulyss. Come, come.

Painted by Angelica Kauffman, R. A. Engraved by Luigi Schiavonetti.







PLATE LXXV.

CORIOLANUS.

ACT V. SCENE 3.

THE TENT OF CORIOLANUS.

CORIOLANUS, AUFIDIUS, VIRGILIA, VOLUMNIA, YOUNG MARCIUS, VALERIA, AND ATTENDANTS.

Volumnia.



AY, my request's unjust,
And spurn me back: But, if it be not so,
Thou art not honest; and the gods will plague thee,
That thou restrain'st from me the duty which
To a mother's part belongs.—He turns away:
Down, ladies! let us shame him with our knees.
To his surname Coriolanus 'longs more pride
Than pity to our prayers. Down: An end:
This is the last:—So we will home to Rome,
And die among our neighbours.—Nay, behold us:
This boy, that cannot tell what he would have,
But kneels, and holds up hands, for fellowship,
Does reason our petition with more strength
Than thou hast to deny't.—Come, let us go.

Painted by Gavin Hamilton. Engraved by James Caldwell.







PLATE LXXVI.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

TITUS'S HOUSE.

TITUS AND MARCUS. YOUNG LUCIUS PURSUED BY LAVINIA.

Boy.



HELP, grandsire, help ! my aunt Lavinia

Follows me everywhere, I know not why.

Good uncle Marcus, see how swift she comes !

Alas, sweet aunt, I know not what you mean.

Painted and engraved by Thomas Kirk.







PLATE LXXVII.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

ACT I. SCENE 5.

A HALL IN CAPULET'S HOUSE.

ROMEO, JULIET, NURSE, &c., WITH THE GUESTS AND THE MASKERS.

Romeo.



I profane with my unworthiest hand

[*To Juliet.*

This holy shrine, the gentle sin is this,—

My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand

To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.

Jul. Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,

Which mannerly devotion shows in this ;

For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,

And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.

*Painted by William Miller. Engraved by George Sigmund
and John Gottlieb Facius.*







PLATE LXXVIII.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

ACT IV. SCENE 5.

JULIET'S CHAMBER; JULIET ON THE BED.

FRIAR LAURENCE, CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, PARIS, FRIAR, NURSE, MUSICIANS, &c.

Capulet.



ESPIS'D, distress'd, hated, martyr'd, kill'd!—
Uncomfortable time! why cam'st thou now
To murther, murther, our solemnity?—
O child! O child!—my soul, and not my child!—
Dead art thou!—alack! my child is dead!
And, with my child, my joys are buried!

Fri. Peace, ho, for shame! confusion's cure lives not
In these confusions. Heaven and yourself
Had part in this fair maid; now Heaven hath all,
And all the better is it for the maid:
Your part in her you could not keep from death;
But Heaven keeps his part in eternal life.

*Painted by John Opie, R.A. Engraved by George Sigmund
and John Gottlieb Facius.*







PLATE LXXIX.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

ACT V. SCENE 3.

A MONUMENT BELONGING TO THE CAPULETS.

ROMEO AND PARIS DEAD; JULIET, AND FRIAR LAURENCE.

Friar.



OMEO!—

[*Advances.*

Alack, alack, what blood is this, which stains
The stony entrance of this sepulchre?—

What mean these masterless and gory swords
To lie discolour'd by this place of peace?

[*Enters the Monument.*

Romeo! O, pale!—Who else? what, Paris too?
And steep'd in blood?—Ah, what an unkind hour
Is guilty of this lamentable chance!—

The lady stirs.

[*Juliet wakes.*

Jul. O, comfortable friar! where is my lord?
I do remember well where I should be,
And there I am: Where is my Romeo?

Painted by James Northcote, R.A. Engraved by Peter Simon.







PLATE LXXX.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

ACT IV. SCENE 3.

A WOOD.

TIMON, ALCIBIADES, PHRYNIA, AND TIMANDRA.

Alcibiades.



WHEN I have laid proud Athens on a heap,—

Tim. Warr'st thou 'gainst Athens?

Alcib. Ay, Timon, and have cause.

Tim. The gods confound them all in thy conquest; and thee after, when thou hast conquer'd!

Alcib. Why me, Timon?

Tim. That, by killing of villains, thou wast born to conquer my country.

Put up thy gold: Go on,—here's gold,—go on;

Be as a planetary plague, when Jove

Will o'er some high-vic'd city hang his poison

In the sick air: Let not thy sword skip one:

Pity not honour'd age for his white beard,

He's an usurer: Strike me the counterfeit matron;

It is her habit only that is honest.

Painted by John Opie, R. A. Engraved by Robert Thew.







PLATE LXXXI.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

ACT IV. SCENE 3.

BRUTUS'S TENT, IN THE CAMP NEAR SARDIS.

BRUTUS AND THE GHOST OF CÆSAR.

Brutus.



ET me see, let me see :—Is not the leaf turn'd down
Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.

[He sits down.]

Enter the Ghost.

How ill this taper burns!—Ha! who comes here?
I think it is the weakness of mine eyes
That shapes this monstrous apparition.
It comes upon me :—Art thou anything?
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to stare?
Speak to me what thou art.

Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

Bru. Why com'st thou?

Ghost. To tell thee, thou shalt see me at Philippi.

Bru. Well: Then I shall see thee again?

Ghost. Ay, at Philippi.

[Ghost vanishes.]

Painted by Richard Westall, R.A. Engraved by Edward Scriven.







PLATE LXXXII.

M A C B E T H.

ACT I. SCENE 3.

A HEATH.

MACBETH, BANQUO, AND THE THREE WITCHES.

I *Witch.*

BANQUO, and Macbeth, all hail !

Macb. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more :

By Sinel's death, I know I am thane of Glamis ;

But how of Cawdor ? the thane of Cawdor lives,

A prosperous gentleman ; and, to be king,

Stands not within the prospect of belief,

No more than to be Cawdor. Say, from whence

You owe this strange intelligence ? or why

Upon this blasted heath you stop our way

With such prophetic greeting ?—Speak, I charge you.

[*Witches vanish.*]

Ban. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them : Whither are they vanish'd ?

Macb. Into the air : and what seem'd corporal, melted
As breath into the wind.—'Would they had staid !

Painted by Henry Fuseli, R.A. Engraved by James Caldwell.







PLATE LXXXIII.

M A C B E T H.

ACT I. SCENE 5.

INVERNESS: A ROOM IN MACBETH'S CASTLE.

LADY MACBETH, A LETTER IN HER HAND.

Lady Macbeth.



HE raven himself is hoarse
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements. Come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here;
And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full
Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood,
Stop up the access and passage to remorse;
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
The effect, and it! Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall, you murdering ministers,
Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick night,
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell!
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes;
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry, "Hold, Hold!"—Great Glamis, worthy Cawdor!

Painted by Richard Westall, R.A. Engraved by James Parker.







PLATE LXXXIV.

M A C B E T H.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A DARK CAVE, IN THE MIDDLE A CAULDRON BOILING.

THREE WITCHES, MACBETH, HECATE, &c.

1 *Witch.*



HOW! 2 *Witch.* Show! 3 *Witch.* Show!

All. Show his eyes, and grieve his heart;

Come like shadows, so depart.

*[Eight Kings appear, and pass over the stage
in order; the last with a glass in his hand;
Banquo following.]*

Macb. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo; down!
Thy crown does sear mine eyeballs:—And thy hair,
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first:—
A third is like the former:—Filthy hags!
Why do you show me this?—A fourth?—Start, eyes!
What! will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?
Another yet?—a seventh?—I'll see no more:—
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass
Which shows me many more; and some I see,
That two-fold balls and treble sceptres carry:
Horrible sight!—Now, I see, 'tis true;
For the blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles upon me,
And points at them for his.—

Painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds, R.A. Engraved by Robert Thew.







PLATE LXXXV.

H A M L E T.

ACT I. SCENE 4.

A PLATFORM BEFORE THE CASTLE OF ELSINEUR.

HAMLET, HORATIO, MARCELLUS, AND THE GHOST.

Hamlet.



T wafts me still :—Go on, I'll follow thee.

Mar. You shall not go, my lord.

Ham. Hold off your hand.

Hor. Be rul'd, you shall not go.

Ham. My fate cries out,

And makes each petty artery in this body

As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve.—

[Ghost beckons.

Still am I call'd ;—unhand me, gentlemen ;

[Breaking from them.

By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets me :

I say, away :—Go on, I'll follow thee.

Painted by Henry Fuseli, R. A. Engraved by Robert Thew.







PLATE LXXXVI.

H A M L E T.

ACT IV. SCENE 5.

ELSINEUR; A ROOM IN THE CASTLE.

KING, QUEEN, LAERTES, OPHELIA, &c.

Ophelia.

THERE'S fennel for you, and columbines :—there's rue for you ; and here's some for me :—we may call it herb-grace o' Sundays :—oh, you must wear your rue with a difference.—There's a daisy :—I would give you some violets ; but they withered all, when my father died :—They say, he made a good end,—

For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy,—

Lacr. Thought and affliction, passion, hell itself,
She turns to favour, and to prettiness.

Oph. And will he not come again?
And will he not come again?
No, no, he is dead,
Go to thy death-bed,
He never will come again.
His beard as white as snow,
All flaxen was his poll :
He is gone, he is gone,
And we cast away moan :
Gramercy on his soul !

And of all christian souls ! I pray God. God be wi' you !

Lacr. Do you see this, O God ?

[*Exit Ophelia.*

Painted by Benjamin West, President R.A. Engraved by Francis Legat.







PLATE LXXXVII.

KING LEAR.

ACT I. SCENE I.

KING LEAR'S PALACE.

LEAR, CORNWALL, ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN, CORDELIA, KING OF FRANCE,
DUKE OF BURGUNDY, KENT, ATTENDANTS, &c.

Cordelia.



WHY have my sisters husbands, if they say
They love you, all? Haply, when I shall wed,
That lord whose hand must take my plight shall carry
Half my love with him, half my care, and duty :
Sure, I shall never marry like my sisters,
[To love my father all.]

Lear. But goes thy heart with this?

Cor. Ay, my good lord.

Lear. So young, and so untender?

Cor. So young, my lord, and true.

Lear. Let it be so :—Thy truth then be thy dower :
For, by the sacred radiance of the sun ;
The mysteries of Hecate and the night ;
By all the operation of the orbs,
From whom we do exist, and cease to be ;
Here I disclaim all my paternal care,
Propinquity and property of blood,
And as a stranger to my heart and me
Hold thee, from this, for ever.—

Painted by Henry Fuseli, R.A. Engraved by Richard Earlom.







PLATE LXXXVIII.

KING LEAR.

ACT III. SCENE 4.

PART OF A HEATH, WITH A HOVEL.

LEAR, KENT, FOOL, EDGAR, DISGUISED AS A MADMAN, AND GLOSTER, WITH A TORCH.

Lear.



THOU wert better in a grave, than to answer with thy uncovered body this extremity of the skies.—Is man no more than this? Consider him well : Thou owest the worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume:—Ha! here's three of us are sophisticated!—Thou art the thing itself : unaccommodated man is no more but such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art.— Off, off, you lendings :—Come ; unbutton here.— *[Tearing off his clothes.]*

Fool. Prithee, nuncle, be contented ; 'tis a naughty night to swim in.—Now a little fire in a wild field were like an old lecher's heart,—a small spark, all the rest of his body cold.—Look, here comes a walking fire.

Painted by Benjamin West, President R. A. Engraved by William Sharp.







PLATE LXXXIX.

K I N G L E A R .

ACT V. SCENE 3.

A CAMP NEAR DOVER.

LEAR, WITH CORDELIA DEAD IN HIS ARMS; EDGAR, ALBANY, AND KENT.

REGAN, GONERIL, AND EDMUND, ALL DEAD.

Edmund.

HE hath commission from thy wife and me
To hang Cordelia in the prison, and
To lay the blame upon her own despair,
That she fordid herself.

Alb. The gods defend her! Bear him hence awhile.

[Edmund is borne off.]

Enter Lear, with Cordelia dead in his arms; Edgar, Officer and others.

Lear. Howl, howl, howl!—O, you are men of stones;
Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them so
That heaven's vault should crack:—She's gone for ever!—
I know when one is dead, and when one lives;
She's dead as earth.—

Painted by James Barry, R.A. Drawn and engraved by Francis Legat.







PLATE XC.

OTHELLO.

ACT II. SCENE I.

CYPRUS; A PLATFORM NEAR THE SEA.

DESDEMONA, OTHELLO, IAGO, CASSIO, RODERIGO, EMILIA, &c.

Othello.



MY fair warrior !

Des.

My dear Othello !

Oth.

It gives me wonder great as my content,

To see you here before me. O my soul's joy !

If after every tempest come such calms,

May the winds blow till they have waken'd death !

And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas,

Olympus-high ; and duck again as low

As hell's from heaven ! If it were now to die,

'T were now to be most happy ; for, I fear

My soul hath her content so absolute,

That not another comfort like to this

Succeeds in unknown fate.

Painted by Thomas Stothard, R.A. Engraved by Thomas Ryder.







PLATE XCI.

OTHELLO.

ACT V. SCENE 2.

A BEDCHAMBER.

OTHELLO, DESDEMONA IN BED, ASLEEP.

Othello.



It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul,—
Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars!—
It is the cause.—Yet I'll not shed her blood;
Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,
And smooth as monumental alabaster. [Takes off his sword.]
Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men.
Put out the light, and then—— Put out the light?
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister!
I can again thy former light restore,
Should I repent me:—but once put out thy light,
Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,
I know not where is that Promethean heat
That can thy light relume. When I have pluck'd thy rose,
I cannot give it vital growth again,
It needs must wither: I'll smell thee on the tree.— [Kissing her.]
O balmy breath, that doth almost persuade
Justice to break her sword!—One more, one more.—
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
And love thee after: One more, and that's the last:
So sweet was ne'er so fatal.—

Painted by James Graham. Engraved by William Lency.





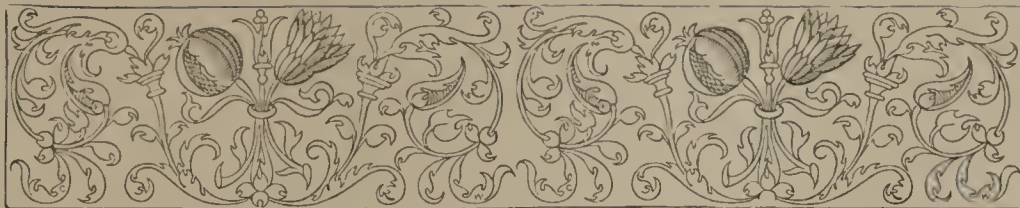


PLATE XCII.

OTHELLO.

ACT V. SCENE 2.

A BEDCHAMBER.

OTHELLO, DESDEMONA IN BED, ASLEEP.

Othello.



MUST weep,

But they are cruel tears: This sorrow's heavenly;

It strikes where it doth love.—She wakes—

Des. Who's there? Othello?

Oth. Ay, Desdemona.

Des. Will you come to bed, my lord?

Oth. Have you pray'd to-night, Desdemon?

Des. Ay, my lord.

Painted by Josiah Boydell. Engraved by William Leney.







PLATE XCIII.


ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

ACT III. SCENE 9.

ALEXANDRIA; THE PALACE.

ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, EROS, CHARMIAN, IRAS, &c.

Eros.

 HE queen, my lord, the queen.

Iras. Go to him, madam, speak to him ;

He is unqualitied with very shame.

Cleo. Well then,—Sustain me :—O !

Eros. Most noble sir, arise ; the queen approaches ;
Her head's declin'd, and death will seize her ; but
Your comfort makes the rescue.

Ant. I have offended reputation ;
A most unnoble swerving.

Eros. Sir, the queen.

Ant. O, whither hast thou led me, Egypt ? See,
How I convey my shame out of thine eyes
By looking back on what I have left behind
'Stroy'd in dishonour.

*Painted by Henry Tresham, R. A. Engraved by George Sigmund and John
Gottlieb Facius.*







PLATE XCIV.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

ACT V. SCENE 2.

(*Basso-Relievo.*)

ALEXANDRIA; A ROOM IN THE MONUMENT.

CLEOPATRA AND CHARMIAN; IRAS DEAD.

Cleopatra.



HIS proves me base
If she first meet the curled Antony,
He'll make demand of her; and spend that kiss
Which is my heaven to have. Come, thou mortal wretch,
[*To the asp, which she applies to her breast.*

With thy sharp teeth this knot intricate
Of life at once untie: poor venomous fool,
Be angry, and despatch. O, couldst thou speak!
That I might hear thee call great Cæsar, ass
Unpolicied!

Char. O eastern star!

Cleo. Peace, peace!

Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
That sucks the nurse asleep?

Char. O, break! O, break!

Cleo. As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle,—
O Antony!—Nay, I will take thee too:—

[*Applying another asp to her arm*

What should I stay—

Modelled by The Hon. Anne Seymour Damer. Engraved by Thomas Hellyer.







PLATE XCV.

C Y M B E L I N E.

ACT I. SCENE 2.

BRITAIN; THE GARDEN OF CYMBELINE'S PALACE.

IMOGEN, POSTHUMUS, QUEEN, CYMBELINE, &c.

Posthumus.



SHOULD we be taking leave
As long a term as yet we have to live,
The loathness to depart would grow : Adieu !

Imo. Nay, stay a little :

Were you but riding forth to air yourself,
Such parting were too petty. Look here, love ;
This diamond was my mother's : take it, heart ;
But keep it till you woo another wife,
When Imogen is dead.

Post. How ! how ! another ?—

You gentle gods, give me but this I have,
And sear up my embracements from a next
With bonds of death !—Remain, remain thou here

[*Putting on the ring.*

While sense can keep it on ! And sweetest, fairest,
As I my poor self did exchange for you,
To your so infinite loss ; so, in our trifles
I still win of you : For my sake wear this ;
It is a manacle of love ; I'll place it
Upon this fairest prisoner.

[*Putting a braclet on her arm.*

Painted by William Hamilton, R.A. Engraved by Thomas Burke.







PLATE XCVI.

CYMBELINE.

ACT III. SCENE 4.

NEAR MILFORD HAVEN.

PISANIO AND IMOGEN.

Imogen.



OME, fellow, be thou honest :

Do thou thy master's bidding : When thou see'st him
A little witness my obedience : Look !

I draw the sword myself : take it ; and hit

The innocent mansion of my love, my heart :
Fear not ; 'tis empty of all things but grief :
Thy master is not there ; who was, indeed,
The riches of it : Do his bidding ; strike.
Thou mayst be valiant in a better cause,
But now thou seem'st a coward.

Pis.

Hence, vile instrument !

Thou shalt not damn my hand.

Imo.

Why, I must die ;

And if I do not by thy hand, thou art

No servant of thy master's : Against self-slaughter

There is a prohibition so divine

That cravens my weak hand. Come, here's my heart ;

Something's afore't ;—Soft, soft ; we'll no defence ;

Obedient as the scabbard.

Painted by John Hoppner, R.A. Engraved by Robert Thew.





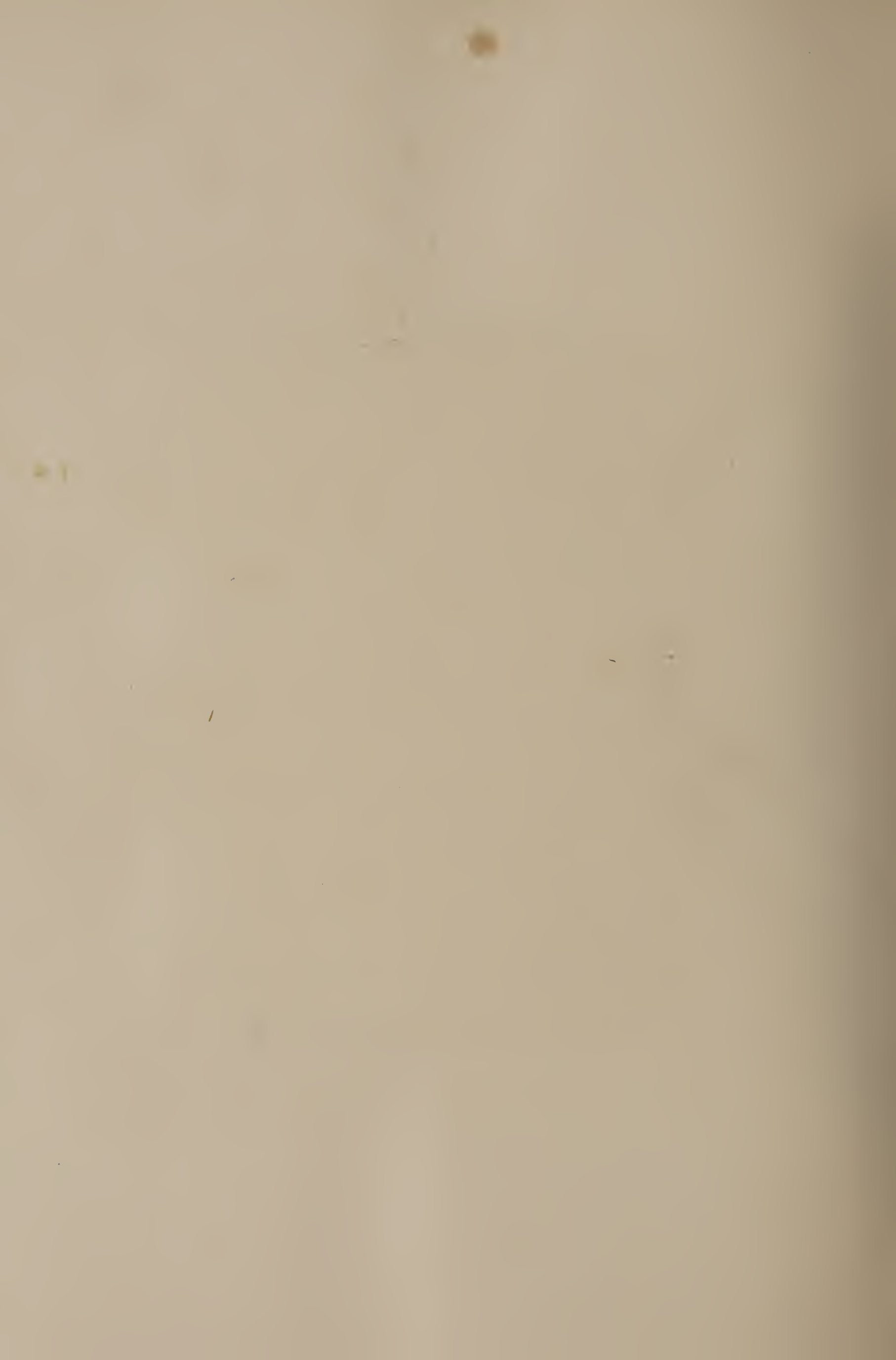




PLATE XCVII.

CYMBELINE.

ACT III. SCENE 6.

BEFORE THE CAVE OF BELARIUS.

IMOGEN IN BOY'S CLOTHES.

Imogen.



UT what is this?

Here is a path to it: 'Tis some savage hold:

I were best not call; I dare not call: yet famine,

Ere clean it o'erthrow nature makes it valiant.

Plenty, and peace, breeds cowards; hardness ever

Of hardness is mother.—Ho! who's here?

If any thing that's civil, speak;—if savage—

Take, or lend.—Ho!—No answer? then I'll enter.

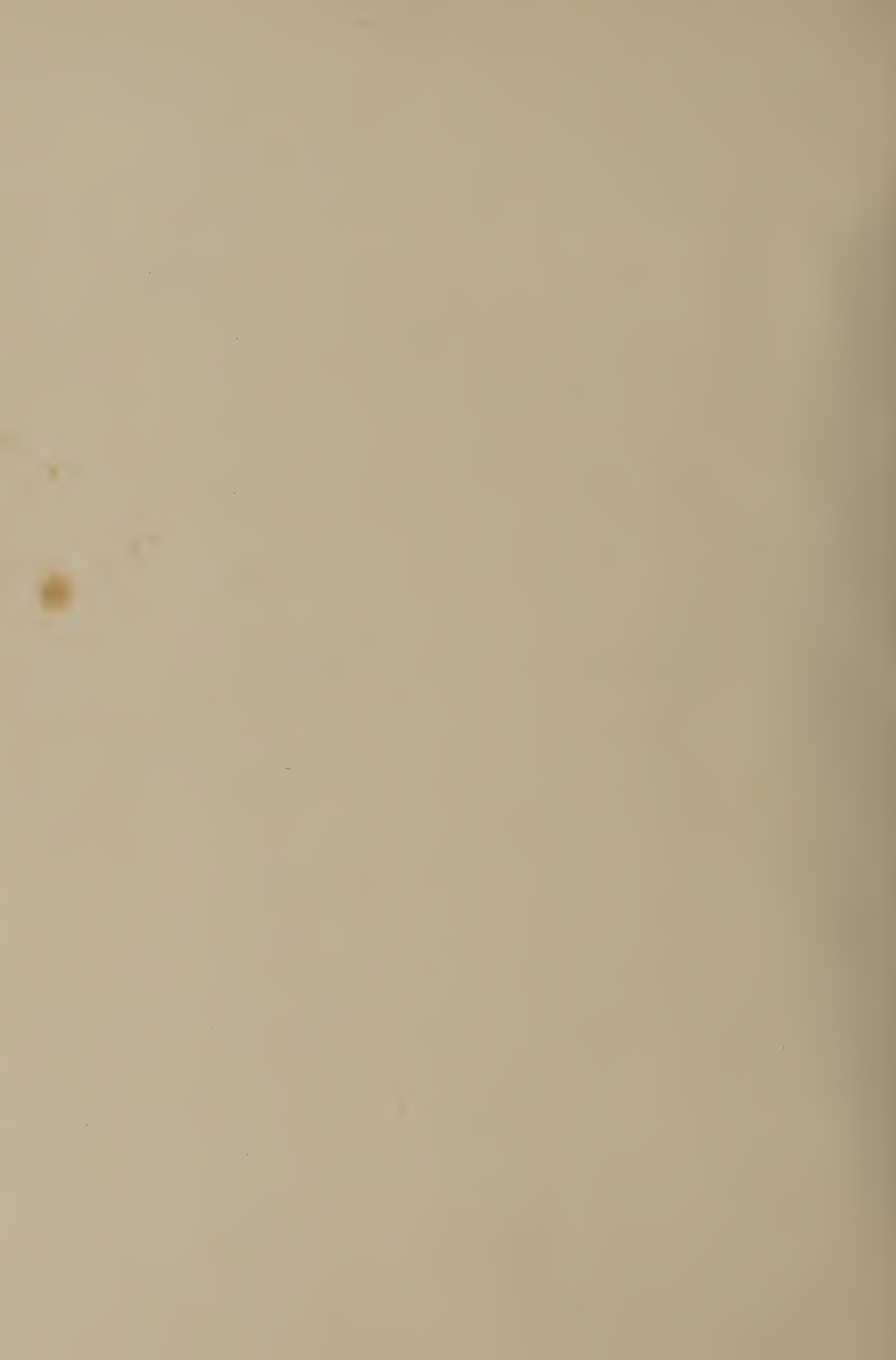
Best draw my sword; and if mine enemy

But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look on't.

Such a foe, good heavens!

Painted by Richard Westall, R.A. Engraved by Thomas Gaugain.







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